JOHN BULL, MARCH 7, 1936

THE POISONED BROADCAST SEE PAGE 9.

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIX.
1551.

JOHN BULL

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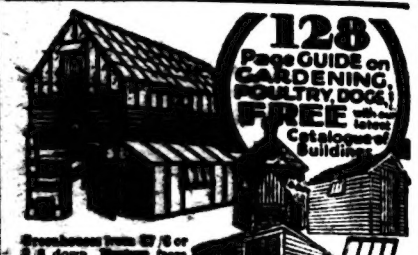

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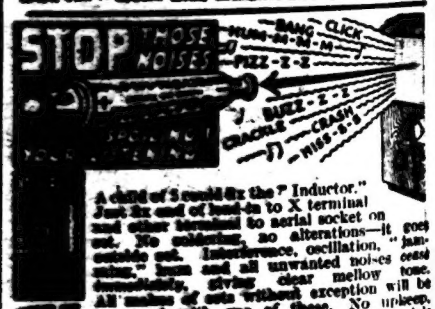

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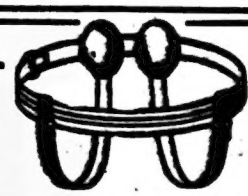

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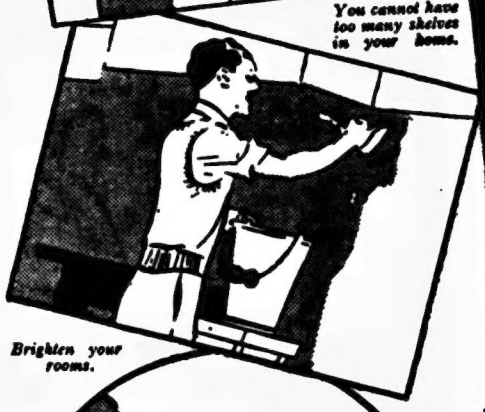

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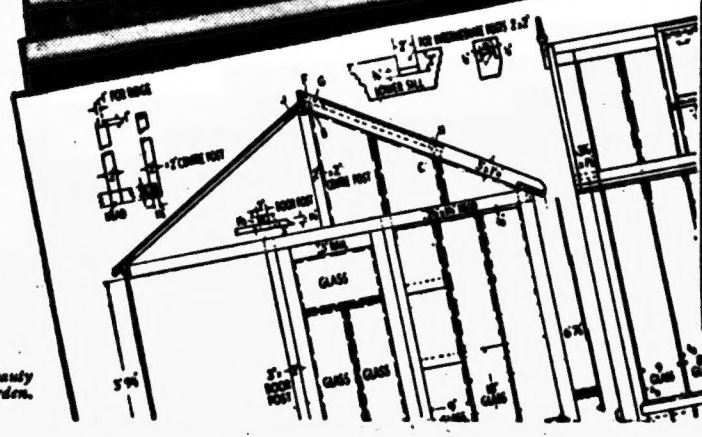

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JOHN BULL

Broad-Arrow Baby

YET another baby is to be born in jail!

The first breath of God's good air to be drawn by a little citizen of "the "Empire upon which the sun never sets" will be tainted prison air.

The prospective mother of this unfortunate child was sent to Holloway Jail for six months a few days ago for theft. She will not be allowed to leave prison to enter the decent maternity ward of a public hospital for her confinement.

Cases like this are constantly cropping up. Magistrates cannot make more humane provision for expectant mothers. It is not part of their business. The responsibility for jail births belongs to the Home Office.

The official mind refuses to comprehend either the mental anguish of the mother or the life injury to her child.

Public indignation swelled to great heights only a few years ago when cases came to light of mothers giving birth to children in the cells, and sometimes finding their babies dead beside them on the stone floor.

☆ ★ ☆

THE authorities promised speedy and effective reform; but the country was only lulled into a false belief that there would be no more prison-born babies.

The authorities think they can stifle criticism merely by furnishing parts of the prison hospitals as maternity wards and by persuading the Registrar-General to agree to the falsification of birth certificates by making the births appear to have taken place at fictitious addresses. Thus, children born at the principal London women's jail may be registered as having first seen the light at "The Infirmary, Parkhurst Road," and not "H.M. Prison, Holloway."

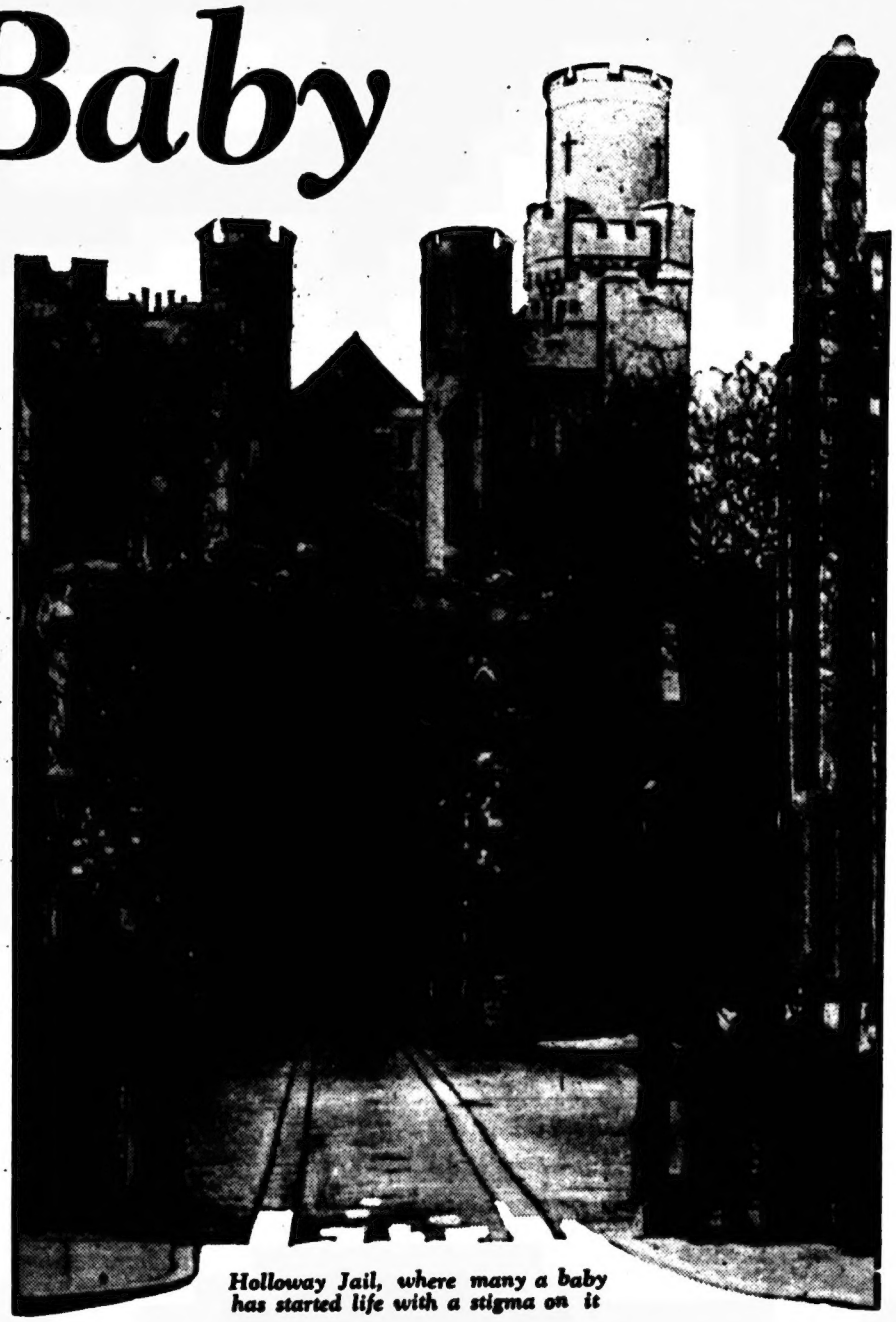
But still babies' births must continue to illuminate the statistics of the prison service, in which they appear incongruously mixed with the figures of executions and the certification of lunatic prisoners.

The official apologists state that prison babies are now born in light and pleasant rooms, with comfortable beds, modern conveniences and expert attendance, and that purely imaginary addresses are inserted in the register to disguise the place of birth.

All this is beside the point.

No child should ever start life as a "broad-arrow baby." True, the broad arrow is no longer imprinted on prison clothes, but the lifelong stigma of prison birth is stamped on the child just the same.

The other day newspaper readers were told that a woman fainted and had to be carried out of court after she was sentenced to two months for a small theft. It was not the sentence which struck her down. It was the knowledge, shared by the magistrates, that she was hourly expecting a child.



Holloway Jail, where many a baby has started life with a stigma on it

☆ ★ ☆

SHE was a young wife, the baby to be born in a few hours was her first. "She will be quite well looked after," was all the chairman of the Bench had to say as he motioned to some policemen to remove the unconscious woman.

We don't doubt it; but the fact still remains. A baby was born in prison.

A twenty-two-year-old works carpenter in Newcastle-on-Tyne, who entered the world a jailbird and had a wardress as godmother, wrote to us recently showing how his life has been ground in the mills of this barbarity.

His mother had been deserted by her husband, who had agreed not to molest her in return for being released from liability for maintenance. With some idea of respectability, she went through a form of marriage with the father of this young man. If she had only "lived with" the other man, all would have been well, but she was arrested for bigamy.

The woman did wrong that she might do what she believed was right by sparing her son the crown of thorns which she thought the word "illegitimate" would place on his brow. The judge was told that she would be a mother in a fortnight, but that made no difference.

The writer of this letter mentions that he was seven when he knew first from a playmate at school that he was born in a prison. To his childish mind it seemed to be no disgrace, and he told his mother what he had heard. He can never forget that she fell on the floor as if she had been shot. She was never the same person again.

"And life," the man adds, "was never the same again for me. I was so often taunted that as a boy and youth I was driven to fury and had scores of fights. Once in a family dispute, after mother's death, my own brothers and sisters threw the circumstances of my birth in my face."

Not long ago he wanted to join the Territorial Army, and at the recruiting depôt had to produce his birth certificate. The sergeant-major who was enrolling him roared with laughter when he saw it. "I know this address," he said. "It's a dummy. You were born in quod."

☆ ★ ☆

THERE were six other lads in the room waiting to be recruited. They also laughed, and this man knew that if he joined the regiment he would always be a butt for contempt and sneers. He did not enlist, but crept shamefully out of the recruiting office.

A month ago he struck one of his workmates who spat out the word "jailbird" at the bench. He was dismissed, and, although he is now starving, he cannot get unemployment benefit or relief because it is held that he lost his job through his own fault.

"What use to tell them," his letter concludes, "that it was the fault of the judge who ordered me to be born in prison? The woman pays, they say. My mother certainly paid in full because her soul was seared in the name of the law until her death. I am now paying my portion."

What is the official explanation that sentenced mothers cannot be confined outside prison? It is that the law will not allow the Home Secretary to act in what it chooses to call "the course of nature."

Any such action as transferring an expectant mother to a nursing home or hospital, says the Home Office, would be based on sentiment, of which the law takes no cognisance. Sentiment is a wholesome and lovable human quality that can be used to reform the law, but it cannot authorise the Home Secretary to act against the law.

☆ ★ ☆

HOWEVER fraught with sadness and subsequent tragedy these cases may be, the Home Secretary, his Department states, is not permitted by any precedent to allow a woman to leave prison to go to a proper maternity home where a child can be respectably born. He can only authorise the transfer of a prisoner to an outside institution when no facilities are available in the jail for an urgent surgical operation.

These arguments about precedents and the like are senseless. Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, has enough courage to defy obsolete and brutal statutes, and to limit his discretion only by his sense of what is right.

Let him set the precedent now by arranging that the child of the mother who was sentenced to six months the other day shall not be born in Holloway Jail.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to H. G. Wells

Will they Listen Even to You?

MY DEAR WELLS,—You must be wondering, now that "Things to Come," your film, has been shown to a wondering world, not how things will come, but how things will go.

Nearly £300,000, they tell me, was spent on it. In the last epochal scenes, when the masses try to destroy a Space Gun, which to them symbolises the domination of Science, nearly 3,000 people were employed, they say.

Although I never believe facts and figures mentioned in the film industry, it is certainly true that, at lavish expense, Alexander Korda has, inspired by your enthusiasm, turned out a film that will stagger the public.

It has faults, heaven knows. The majesty of your conception challenges criticism. I object to the long prosy speeches which, to me, mean little or nothing. I do not admire the acting, which I consider dehumanised and stilted. I think that, instead of showing rushing crowds when there is an air panic, you might more easily have forced home a lesson by showing, sometimes, one woman or one child.

Then, instead of showing Everytown, you should have shown, I think, Paris, New York or London, or all three. But then you might have encountered a censorship which, I am told, jibbed at the idea of an airman shown on the ground, brought down dying.

They assure me that the Film Censor thought this might offend the Air Ministry, for, in official eyes, airmen should never be brought down. You merely read about that in the papers. . . . Still, there it is. It got through. Upon the success or failure of your film very much depends. The British film trade has, for years, been content to lag behind, to copy Hollywood in silly ways, to bring back to act here British artists it neglected before Hollywood found them, and to import American actors and producers that Hollywood no longer wanted. It has lacked imagination. It had no courage.

Now, you, an Englishman, and Korda, a Hungarian, have proved that London can not only equal Hollywood, but improve on it.

But the JOHN BULL public is not so much concerned about that. What does concern it is the safety of its homes, its families, the things it treasures.

You show a Christmas Eve in England in 1940 when, while people are singing carols, there is the distant sound of gunfire in the air. And then you screen, in scenes that paralyse all thought, the arrival of a fleet of aeroplanes that wipes out all things as we know them now. There has never been, in a kinema such a scene as that one you show—the sky black with armed hornets, scores and scores and scores of them.

Although I may quarrel with the acting of the scenes that follow, yes, and the dialogue, the lesson is there—the lesson that if another war does come, the world may drift into a barbarism in which there will be pestilence that will go on for years, and in which Culture will disappear and all the products of learning be destroyed.

It has happened before. Thank heaven, you have warned the world that it may happen again. I remember your saying, once, that you devoted three hundred days a year to fighting war. When I asked you what you meant by this, at a Disarmament meeting at which three Prime Ministers, L. G., Baldwin and Ramsay, all promised things, you said that you meant that you wrote and wrote and wrote.

Well, two years ago you decided that you had used words in every form—in pamphlets, in novels, in theses, in prophecies and for the association of figures.

Only the film remained. And then, although you were nearly seventy, you mastered the technique of that, simply so that you could put upon the screen the real lesson of your life—that disorder leads to war, and that only a Plan can bring about peace.

The artist in you may have been lost in the mechanism of your scientific brain. A lot of your humanness may have disappeared when, daring to brave the Future, you explored it through the eyes of learning.

It may be true that the world you prophesy, one in which Science is dominant, might be a worse one than that in which we still blunder along.

But what a contrast your teaching is to the speeches I heard from the Government benches four nights after I saw your film!

Ministers, although they were planning the expenditure of £280,000,000 on arms and weapons of offence, talked about it all placidly. No one raised his voice!

Profoundly, my dear Wells, I hope that your long months of film work will bring home a lesson, in teaching which everyone else has failed. I doubt it.

My own view is that if the Great War did not teach its own lesson, speeches and books and pamphlets and newspaper articles and even films are all in vain.

Still, you have done your best—and for that the world owes you the thanks of all scared humanity.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

WHY is the milk war still on? *Why, indeed, is there a milk war at all?* Everybody must be asking that.

There must be something radically rotten in the state of the milk market if the Government is as profoundly dissatisfied with it as it is.

* * *

Now an official ultimatum to the distributors is threatened.

Housewives will just smile at that. They have heard the same sort of thing so often before.

And nothing happens—except another "ultimatum."

* * *

Unless the distributors co-operate in the supply of cheap milk to the unemployed, says the Government, the scheme will be worked by dairy farmers who run their own retail rounds.

Good But there's more to do than that. Cheap milk is possible for *everyone.*

Why is this urgent necessity forgotten by the Milk Board?

* * *

A penny-a-unit electricity for all purposes "in the not far distant future" is the rosy vision of Sir Robert Webber.

Householders who pay 7d. or 8d. will wonder if he suffers from the complaint known as "long sight."

* * *

Mr. Justice Finlay says it's "quite ridiculous" to think a marriage is dissolved by seven years' absence of husband or wife.

What's also ridiculous is that it isn't so.

* * *

Very odd is the case of the coroner's wife who, acquitted of "driving while under the influence," said she'd only had a glass and a half of sherry and two small whiskies, and that it was the sight of a policeman which made her crash into a tree!

For the sake of other road users, we hope she doesn't meet a squad of policemen when next she takes her car out.

* * *

By reducing unemployment insurance contributions by a penny a week, the Government adopts the suggestion we made six months ago.

We are still waiting for the more important change—an increase in benefits.

* * *

We predicted that King Edward would break with tradition. He has started by dispensing with a special train on his rail journeys, and by banning the frock-coat from the Palace.

Other changes will follow.

* * *

Mr. Elliot, Minister of Agriculture, is still offering landlords £100 per building to convert their old barns and coach-houses into working-class homes.

So it will soon be a case of "Home, James—and don't disturb the horses."

* * *

A little belated is the Solicitor-General's warning against the sending to debtors of threatening letters which appear to come from the county court.

We first exposed this bluff in 1919, and have been calling for official action ever since!

* * *

Recovering from a serious illness, and though he couldn't swim, a Durham youth saved a small child from drowning. The child's guardian gave him 2s. 6d. and hurried off in her car.

Would she rate her own life so cheaply?

* * *

Not unique, unfortunately, is the plight of the Sheffield lorry driver who works a ten-hour day for £1 a week, less insurance.

"Sweated industry," said the magistrates when he was charged with a minor offence.

Words are not enough. The courts should have power to penalise the nigger-driving employer.

* * *

Eleven thousand poor women were refused the widows' pension last year. On technical grounds they were apparently outside the scheme's scope, but so large a number seems a reason for bringing them in.

* * *

Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, says it is not his job to prevent profiteering on arms.

Our Ministers talk a lot about "collective security"; isn't it time they practised "collective responsibility"?

* * *

Of more than local interest is the medical officer's allegation that people infected with scarlet fever are walking about Castle Donington and spreading the epidemic.

That sort of menace is often reported from other parts of the country. But why isn't the law invoked against such reckless germ carriers?

* * *

Marvel with us at the refusal of the Rev. John Penrose, who lives near Manchester, to allow Church school children to see the film of King George's funeral.

"A Christian should never go to the kinema," says this parson, who also refuses to tolerate dancing or amateur theatricals.

Folk who would make the world a monastery should enter one themselves.

* * *

One of the worst evils we have attacked—the bogus club for drinking—will go if Mr. Gilbert Gledhill, M.P., gets his way.

But why he should have to do a job which the Home Secretary has neglected, only Sir John Simon can say.

* * *

Mr. Clynes finds that insolvent cotton firms are to get compensation for scrapping their idle spindles. You, of course, will pay. And, as no answer is returned to his suggestion that this is just a ruse to help the bank get back part of their overdraft, you can draw your own conclusions.

* * *

There's a reason for the renewed talk about emigration. Australia's birth-rate is falling, so she needs more immigrants than ever.

But we have bitter memories of the raw deal handed out to British settlers in the past, and next time we shall need guarantees for fair treatment.

* * *

Smile at the latest bit of expert advice: "If women want beautiful hair, they should stand on their heads before and after brushing the hair."

If women follow this advice we shall think they are off their heads instead of on them.

* * *

The great forged banknote conspiracy, first revealed in these columns, has been broken up.

Six years' patient work by Scotland Yard came to an end last week when a Dutch forger and his woman accomplice—last of the gangs—were sentenced at the Old Bailey.

Let us give the Yard a word of praise for so successfully tackling one of the biggest tasks in its history.

* * *

Only the Means Test could act so cynically, cruelly and callously as to grab the miner's wage increase if a member of his family is unemployed!

* * *

Motorists, here's another red light for you to heed.

Door-to-door canvassers are offering oil in the drums of well-known makers at cut prices—but the stuff is so inferior and dirty that it's apt to choke the engine.

The Poisoned BROADCAST

Two of the biggest "radio-propaganda" offenders are Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy—wireless seems to have destroyed the last remnants of international decencies

NATION shall speak peace unto nation.

This proud ideal and motto used to appear regularly upon the arms of the British Broadcasting Corporation. It is noticeable lately, however, that it is being replaced by the Latin word meaning "Whithersoever."

No official reason has been given for the change, but there is good reason to suggest that the broadcasting authorities have had it forced upon them that events have conspired to make the use of their earlier motto a mockery.

Broadcasting House and the Foreign Office now realise that so far as the air is concerned nations do not speak peace unto nations. The truth is that war in the air has begun—not the prophesied war of fighting and bombing aeroplanes, but a war of falsehood and propaganda, unchecked and apparently uncheckable.

The ordinary wireless listener in this country knows little or nothing of the appalling extent to which international decencies are being outraged every hour of the day by military and political propagandists on the radio services of the world.

A FEW private listeners who have the new short-wave receivers and who are also linguists have been staggered by the ruthlessness and magnitude of the aerial word-war. But even their knowledge of what is happening is only fragmentary.

The full truth is known only in Britain to the officers who have had to be specially appointed to intercept and record the tornadoes of abuse, misrepresentation and incitement which are hourly sweeping the ether across the world.

Great Britain, France and the U.S.A. alone are not guilty of any part in the new menace to the peace of mankind. Every other country has been found to be participating in some kind of campaign of dissension and subversion, although some have clearly been driven to it in self-defence against mightier and unscrupulous neighbours.

Over three-fourths of the earth, radio is no longer being chiefly used as an agency for entertainment and education, and the programmes for pleasure have become often a cloak for the transmission of systematic provocation likely to lead to war.

There can be no outside objection, however reprehensible the practice may be, to a country which is at war or facing a crisis feeding its own nationals with propaganda that suits its own ends. That is entirely the concern and responsibility of the State which finds it necessary to act thus.

It is no one's business outside Italy if Signor Mussolini and the Fascist Grand Council misrepresent by wireless to their people the progress of the war in Abyssinia, the financial and economic position of their country, or even the reasons why world opinion has been mobilised against Italy.

Still less could there be valid objection to any Government using its external radio services to make known its case to the rest of the world, so long as that case is accurately and properly stated. That, indeed, would be the greatest highway to peace ever built, because war, in any case a successful war, would almost always be impossible when each side's arguments and points of view could be presented to the tribunal of ordinary peoples.

IT was in the belief that this would become a main function of radio that the advent of international broadcasting was acclaimed ten years ago, and that the B.B.C. optimistically began to use the motto about nation speaking peace unto nation.

Instead, broadcasting has become the hottest fomentation ever applied to the world's ills. And, unhappily, it is British interests which, at the moment, are being most seriously prejudiced. Italy almost nightly, for example, belches into the air in many languages accusations against this country, any one of which only half a generation ago would have had to be regarded as a warlike act.

All these attacks have a single theme—the suggestion that Britain alone is responsible for Sanctions, and that this country is hiding like a coward behind the skirts of the rest of the world, because we are scared that Italy will become our greatest rival in Africa.

The purpose of these broadcasts is apparent from the variety of languages in which they are given, and the fact that only the least offensive and inaccurate of them are spoken in English.

The relentlessness with which Italy intends to prosecute her wireless campaign of falsity is to be judged by the fact that she is hastening the completion of a short-wave network, with the world divided into zones, so that anti-British propaganda can be broadcast to no fewer than twenty-one countries in their respective languages.

The spreading of disaffection could not be carried to greater lengths than is the case with the regular Italian broadcasts to Palestine and Transjordania, where Jews and Arabs alike are being daily inspired to hostility against the British mandates and primed with promises for their welfare under Italian rule.

Italy's latest move to provoke rebellions in British territory and otherwise to embarrass this country has been to establish two transmitters at Bari, on her south-east coast. Every expert knows that these stations are totally unnecessary for Italy's internal broadcasting service, and that their sole purpose is to give her at least the command of the ether on the Mediterranean shores for the vilification of Britain.

THE part being played by radio in the creation of discord can be assessed by the happier relations now existing between Germany and Poland since these two countries recently decided to cease maligning each other in wireless programmes supposedly transmitted for pleasure and culture. As soon as these broadcasts stopped, the tension and enmity which they had produced practically disappeared.

So serious still is the position in Austria caused by German outside broadcasting that the Government of that country has had to forbid public listening to political transmission from foreign sources.

Great Britain has a particular interest in the development of the German short-wave services to Tanganyika and south-west Africa. Both territories are now held by the Empire under mandate and were former German colonies.

Any idea that Germany is spending money on sending programmes to these countries in a philanthropic spirit for the benefit of her own nationals there is discounted by the fact that they are rendered in English, Dutch and Spanish. It is clearly part of a scheme of preparation to recover the lost colonies by seizure. Germany's ambitions elsewhere in the world are reflected in the assiduity with which she is also now broadcasting Nazi propaganda in the guise of entertainment to South America in Spanish and Portuguese, where she has no territorial or political interests.

The present menacing situation in the Far East is largely the result of the open use of radio by Japan for sheer aggression. The massing of armies on the frontiers of Mongolia and the Maritime Province has been preceded by months of wireless propaganda bombardment from Japanese stations, one of which, newly erected in Manchukuo and staffed by "White Russians," continuously demands the death of Stalin, and begins and ends the programmes with the singing of "God Save the Tsar."

But Japan is now broadcasting into other than Soviet territory. She is radiating to Australia, Hongkong, Shanghai, and other parts of the Pacific *and large portions of the programmes are in English.*

Why English, when these areas are already so well served by the British Empire daily broadcasts from London? The question answers itself.

NEAREST home and outside Italy the war in the air is most intense in Central Europe, where a seething cauldron is almost nightly stirred by broadcasts designed to inflame or intimidate the former Hungarian populations which are now included in Czechoslovakia, Roumania and Yugoslavia. Nothing is causing more dismay and apprehension in the chancelleries of Europe to-day than the evil use to which radio is being put in these countries.

What can be done about it? Nothing at all. Wireless seems to have destroyed the last remnants of international decencies.

A proposal is to be put before the League of Nations soon that the League should build and operate all-waves wireless stations to counteract broadcasts made to prejudice good international understanding.

This suggestion is likely to prove as futile as one contained in a draft convention now being circulated, which stipulates that no country shall broadcast to another State anything which constitutes a menace to the peace or security of that State.

The two most powerful radio belligerents, Japan and Germany, are not members of the League, and the third, Italy, is not likely to honour this convention more than any other.

ASSASSINS of the

—by—
W.N.Ewer

IN a rough-looking wooden house between Tokyo and Yokohama, lives an old man, an old white-haired man, who is one of the controllers of world politics, an organiser of murders and a maker of wars.

When the news came of the Tokyo murders last week, quite a few people thought of that old man.

Not many people in England know even the name of old Toyama. But he has in his time—and, though he is over eighty, his time is not yet over—said the decisive word which has made wars or decreed the death of world-famous statesmen.

For Mitsuru Toyama is the head and autocrat of the Black Dragons—the secret society which for over half a century has been the hidden hand in Japanese politics.

Ruthless

How many members the Black Dragon and its subordinate organisations have, no one knows. Rumour puts it at millions. That is probably exaggeration. But it is not the numbers which count. It is the fact that the members are fanatically devoted to Toyama, ready to obey his orders at any risk, to stick at nothing in the execution of his orders.

And Toyama himself is as ruthless as his followers are obedient.

For over forty years the chief, the final, weapon of this benevolent-looking old gentleman, who looks a mixture of scholar and saint, has been assassination.

His first stroke was in 1892. Marquis Okuma, Foreign Minister and Premier, had negotiated with the Western Powers treaties by which the privileges of foreigners in Japan were to be gradually abolished.

To the passionate patriotism of Toyama this was treason to the dignity of Japan and of the Emperor. To bargain over such matters was degradation. Japan's equality and freedom from humiliating treaties should have been asserted, not negotiated.

Protest was necessary. And it came. A young student threw a bomb at Okuma's carriage, blew off one of his legs, then committed suicide.

Everyone knew that Toyama was the author of the crime. He was arrested. But there was no proof: there were many threats. Toyama was hastily released. The law has never dared to touch him since.

Divine mission

Okuma recovered. Toyama went to pay his respects and offer his congratulations.

"Have you come to bring me my leg back?" asked the Premier.

"It is an honour," Toyama gravely replied, "to sacrifice a leg for the sake of the Emperor and of the nation.

That is Toyama's gospel, the secret of his power. He is utterly unscrupulous, he employs every method—assassination, terrorism and the rest. But he uses them not for his own profit or his own ends. He uses them for the cause which is to him a religion, a divine mission.

He believes in the destiny of Japan. And it is his task, by whatever means, to see that Japan fulfils her destiny. Every obstacle that stands in the way must be removed, for the destiny of Japan is the will of heaven, the law of the universe. To commit murder in such a cause is no crime, but a sacred duty.

Here is the creed of Japanese patriotism as set down by a disciple of Toyama. To the Western mind it reads like some fantastic survival of the dim past. But it is the passionate belief of millions of Japanese, the active inspiration of hard-headed soldiers and business men and politicians. Unless you realise that you cannot understand either Toyama or Japan.

"Amaterasu-Omikami, the Sun Goddess, who ordered the foundation of the Japanese State, embodies the very eternal life pervading the whole universe."

Amaterasu, daughter of the gods Izanagi and Izanami, is, quite literally, the ancestress of the Imperial House. That the Tenno (the Emperor) descends from her is, to the loyal Japanese, as much a fact as that King Edward is descended from William the Conqueror.

"When Amaterasu-Omikami first sent Heavenly Descendants to this land, she gave this order:

"'Toyoashihara-no-Chiihoaki-no Mizuho-no-Kuni is the land where our Descendants are to rule. Ye, our Descendants, proceed to the land and rule it; the prosperity of the Imperial reign will be equal with heaven and earth."

That order of the Sun Goddess is the first Article and the official basis of the Japanese Constitution. The reforming laws which converted Japan from a feudal into a modern country were formally issued in obedience to it.

Only a few weeks ago, a very solemn interpretation of the Constitution was issued by the Imperial Government.

"The national policy of Japan," it says, "is revealed in the message given by the Sun Goddess to the first Emperor."

For the patriotic Japanese then, and, indeed, for any Japanese who does not wish to be suspected of disloyalty or "dangerous thoughts," this message of the Sun Goddess is a piece of history as authentic as Magna Charta to an Englishman.

"It is this historically proved fact," Toyama's disciple goes on, "that Japan has ever been ruled by the unbroken line of the Heavenly descendants, that makes the nationality of Japan so outstandingly unique and superior.

"Since the Heavenly Ancestor, all the succeeding Emperors of Japan have manifested the Divine Law.

"The cause of all unhappiness in the life of all people lies in opposing and violating this Divine Law, which is the law of the existence of the Universe.

"The prosperity and Divine Virtue of the Tenno of Nippon is bright and omnipresent as the sun, and it is natural that the Tenno extends his divine unselfish love to all objects, peoples and parts of the world.

"The Divine Virtue of the Tenno is extended to all parts of the world, equally and indiscriminately, and is the most sacred and supreme factor in advancing the welfare of humanity, loving men and protecting justice.

"It is the duty and the responsibility of the loyal subjects to remove any and all obstacles shutting off the light of the Divine Virtue and preventing its benevolence to mankind."

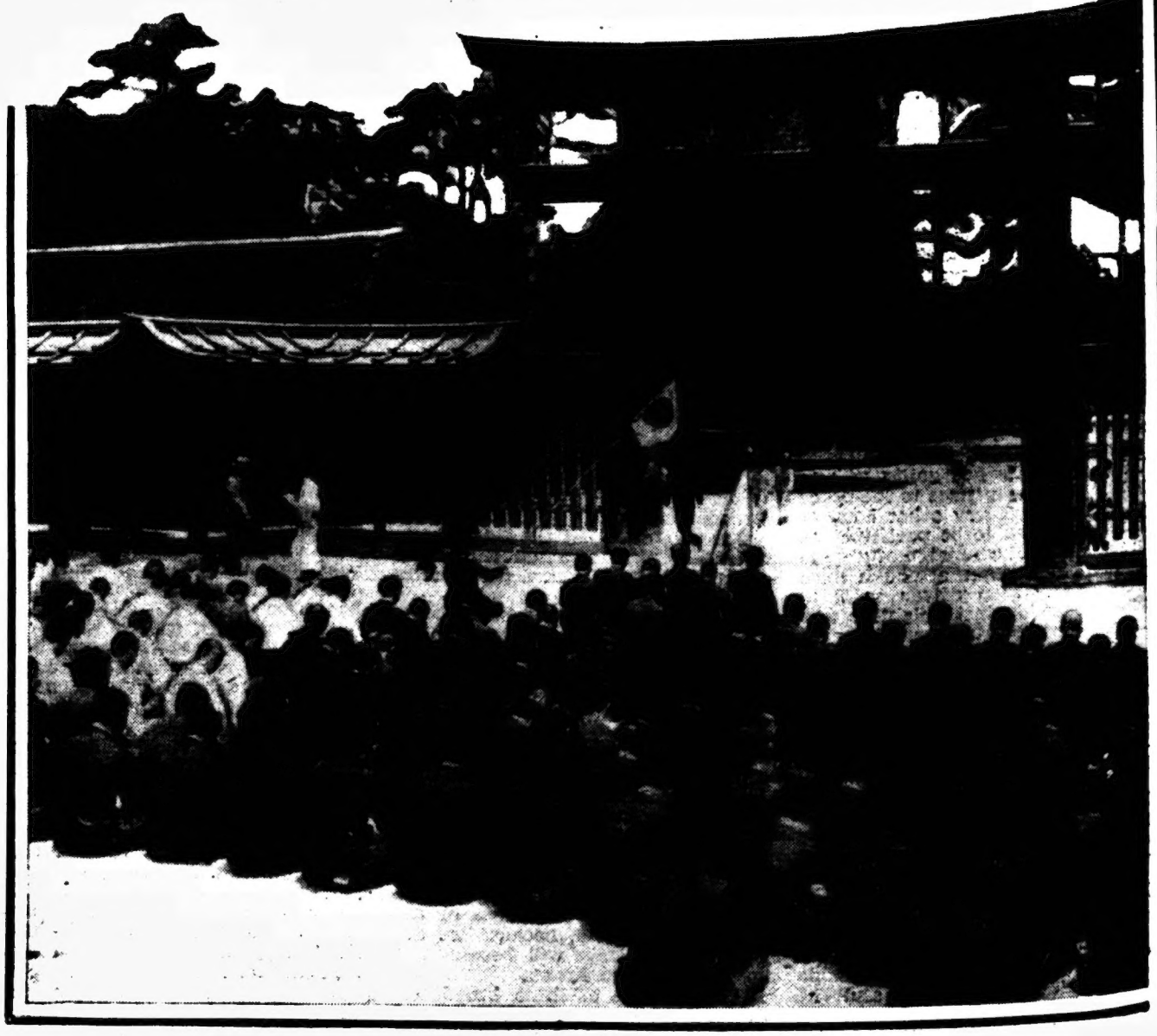
There is the creed.

The Divine Mission of Japan is to extend the Divine Virtue of the Tenno to all parts of the world, and to remove all obstacles which shut off the light of the Divine Virtue.

The creed, of course, runs back far beyond Toyama.

Hard-headed business men, diplomats, soldiers, statesmen, hold that creed, believe that the law of the Universe and the orders of the Sun Goddess demand that, in the fulness of time, the rule of the Divine Virtue of the Tenno must be extended over all the world, that to rescue humanity from destruction and bring it to the sacred "way of the Tenno" is the cosmic mission of the Japanese race.

But there are "obstacles." There are the obstinacy and ignorance of the "lesser breeds without the law," who do not understand Kamina-



BLACK DRAGON

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in 1921 for agreeing to the

Washington Naval Treaty; ex-Prime Minister Hamaguchi in 1931 for agreeing to the London Naval Treaty.

Optimistic Western statesmen who expected a naval agreement in 1934 and another naval treaty in 1936, did not take into reckoning Toyama and his Black Dragons. Toyama said that the Washington Treaty was an obstacle to Japan's Divine Mission, and must be ended. The Japahese Government ended it.

Toyama said that never again must Japan accept any kind of inferiority to any other Power. The Japanese delegates echoed him, made "equality with Britain and the United States" their minimum demand: and walked out of the London Conference when it was not conceded.

Hamaguchi was killed in 1931. In 1932 the first distinguished victim was Inouye, ex-Finance Minister, who had dared to oppose the demands of the Navy and the Army for more money.

A month later Baron Dan, head of the great firm of Mitsui, probably the wealthiest and most powerful business house in the world, was shot in the streets of Tokyo.

The Black Dragons do not love the modern commercial magnates, whom they suspect of putting wealth before the Divine Mission. And Dan was "westernised," a friend of the foreigners, suspect of criticising the aggression in Manchuria.

A year later another Prime Minister fell. Seventy-seven-year-old Tsuyoshi Inukai was murdered in his own house. Two of Toyama's disciples held the old man while a third shot him dead.

Bombs were thrown at the houses of Admiral Suzuki, the Grand Chamberlain, of Baron Makino, the Keeper of the Privy Seal, of Mr. Yoshizawa, the Foreign Minister.

Sacred figure

Next almost-victim—escaping by the skin of his teeth—was another ex-Premier, Wakatsuki.

So it has gone on. In August, 1935, General Nagata, Director of Military Operations, was cut to pieces. That was the latest until last week's blood-bath.

It is the crown and climax of the murder campaign. Every man who was murdered or wounded or sought for has been marked down by the Dragons.

Okada and Saito, Admiral Prime Ministers, are regarded as traitors because they have checked the wilder plans of the Manchurian army, because they were "in league with" the politicians and the financiers.

Takahashi, ablest financier of the new Japan, former President of the Bank of Japan, and of the great Yokohama Specie Bank, adroit Finance Minister, who has during a world depression conjured millions and more millions for the army, stands for all the Dragons and their allies loathe.

They do not realise that but for Takahashi's unscrupulous skill there would have been mighty little money available for the army and its Manchurian adventures.

Most amazing of all is that on the list for slaughter was Prince Saionji himself.

For Saionji, ninety years old, is nearly a sacred figure to-day. He was as a child playmate of the little Prince, who became the great re-

Mitsuru Toyama, ruthless head of the Black Dragons, the secret society which is the power behind Japanese politics. Below, our exclusive picture shows members praying before making a demand for the dismissal of a University professor guilty in their eyes of unpatriotic utterances—he was dismissed

forming Emperor, who is, since his death, worshipped as a god, as the equal of Jimmu, first Emperor, to whom Amaterasu gave the divine order.

He is the last of the Genro: the eight men who, working under the Emperor, carried through the great transformation. The others are dead. Saionji, the youngest of the group, holds their prestige. He is the direct counsellor of the Emperor: he is consulted before any Government is formed or any major decision taken.

But neither his age nor his great prestige nor his closeness to the Imperial House can excuse, in the eyes of the Black Dragons, his known liberal views, his moderating influence on all policy.

Toyama himself has never authorised any attempt on Saionji's life. There are times when he has to restrain ardent followers who have taken, without orders from him, vows of assassination. So he saved Marquis Ito's life thirty years ago. So, it is said, he has more than once saved Saionji's life, much though he deplores the continued existence of such an obstacle.

War-mongers

The murder of Saionji would be a titanic blunder. It would shock the national conscience. And Toyama relies for his power on the terribly significant fact that for all his murders so far there has been enthusiastic popular approval. Condemnation there has been, of course. But it is either perfunctory or afraid to be too vehement.

If Toyama and his Black Dragons confined their energies to "purifying" Japanese life by murdering Japanese Ministers, they would perhaps be a purely domestic problem for Japan.

But they are not only assassins; they are war-mongers. At each decisive moment in Japanese history it is Toyama who, from his humble house on the Tokyo-Yokohama road, has said the word which meant war.

When Ito was hesitating to attack Russia in 1904, Toyama with four friends called on the Premier. "Are you or are you not for war?" he asked. Ito hesitated. Toyama asked him again. "For war," said Ito.

In 1931 it was one of Toyama's chief lieutenants who, as chief adviser to the Manchurian army, planned and ordered the seizure of Mukden and the conquest of the three provinces.

No one knows quite who in Japan is under Toyama's control, a sworn adherent of the chief of the Black Dragons. Or who in China either.

Sun Yat-sen was his friend, and found refuge in his house during exile. Rumour says that Chiang Kai-shek, dictator of the Chinese Republic, has sworn an oath of blood-brotherhood with Toyama, is himself a member of a Chinese secret society closely linked with the Black Dragons.

That, they say, is why China made no real effort to support the Manchurian resistance, why the gallant Nineteenth Army, which put up the heroic defence at Shanghai in 1932, had no praise from the dictator, but was later accused of "Communism," and destroyed by Chiang's own troops. That is why Japan has been able to push down to Peking itself with nothing but mumbled and perfunctory protests from Chiang.

Victory ordained

Chiang, they say, is at bottom Toyama's man, sworn to carry out the Toyama policy of uprooting all Western influence from all the Far East, from all Asia, so that the virtue of the Tenno may prevail and the command of the Sun Goddess be obeyed over a whole continent—and in the fitness of time over the whole world.

The murderers of Inouye confessed—or rather boasted—that they had planned to murder the American Ambassador in the hope that it would bring war between Japan and the United States.

Certainly eighty-year-old Toyama is dreaming of another war. Against whom, no one is sure. It may be against Russia, it may be against America, it may be against the British Empire, it may be against the whole white race.

He has no doubts as to the issue, whoever the enemy may be. For it is in the hands of the Sun Goddess. Japanese victory would be ordained by the Law of the Universe itself.

There he sits in his wooden house, this white-bearded eighty-year-old organiser of war and murder, terrible in his power, benign and pious in his manner, convinced to the depths of his soul that all the evil he has done is the Divine command, the way of the Sun Goddess, that is destined to make her Imperial descendants one day rulers over all the earth.

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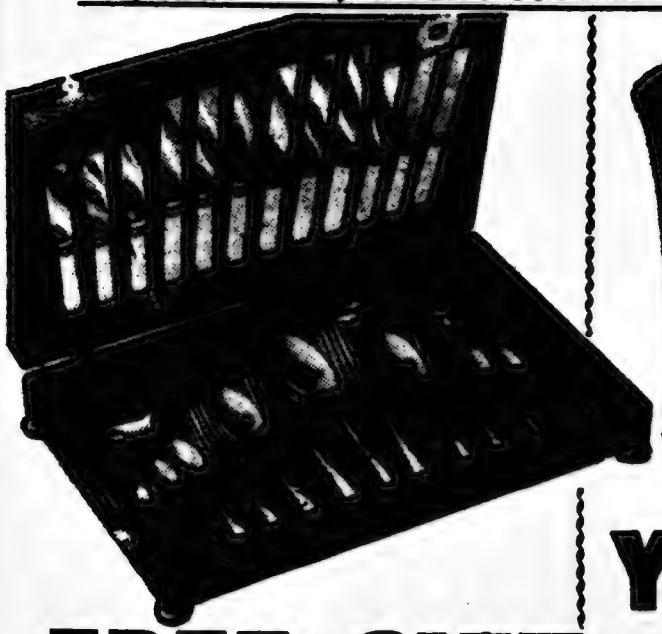

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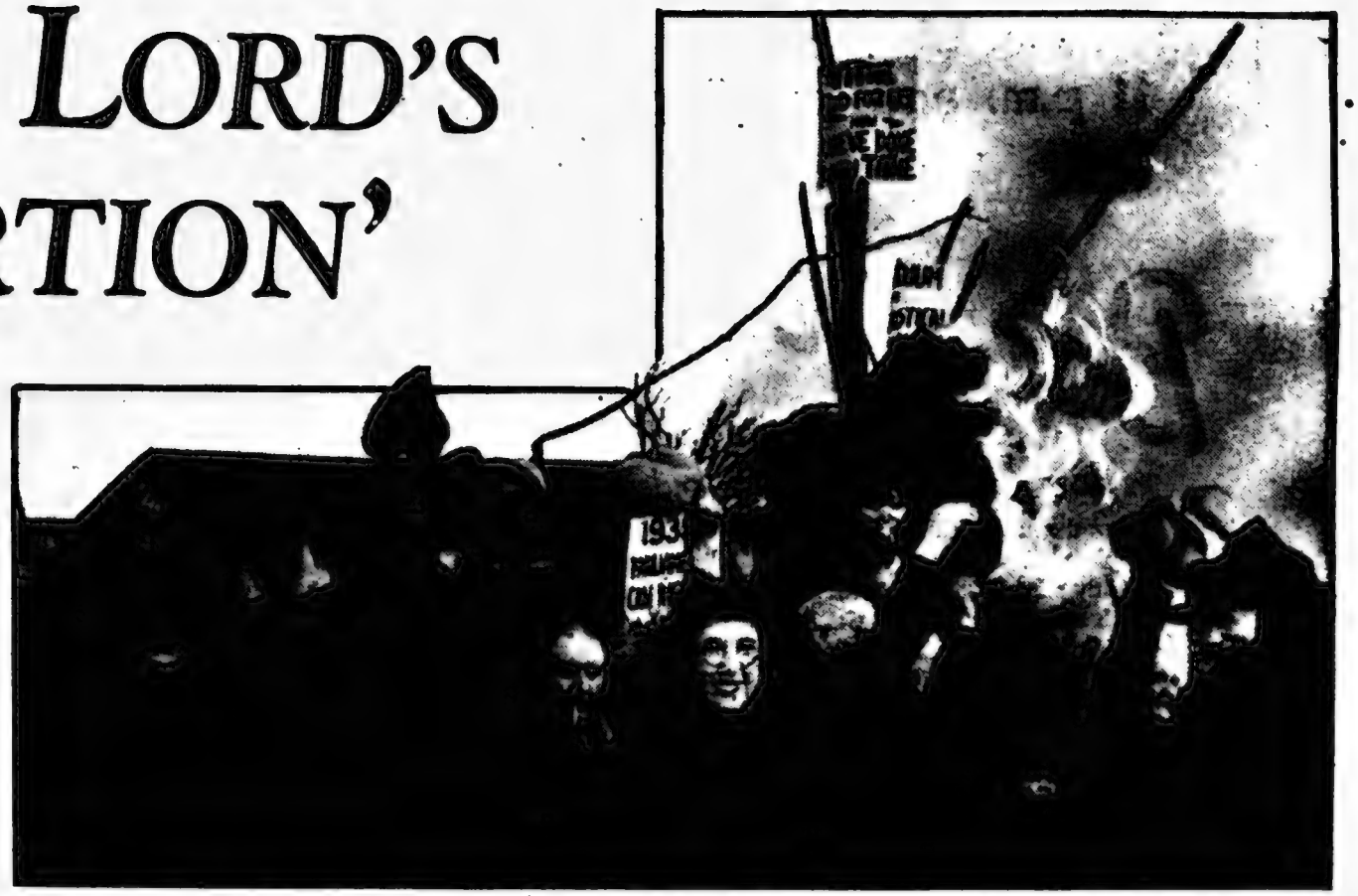
'The LORD'S PORTION'

by

A. G. Gardiner



One of the typical tithe-war scenes, to which we have grown so accustomed during recent years

IT was Goethe, I think, who said that "when the people rebel, the people are always right." It is true at least of our own people.

That there was a real grievance behind the Tithe War, which has disturbed rural England for the past half dozen years, has never been in doubt. That grievance has been frequently exposed in these columns, and its removal is now in sight. The Commission appointed to deal with it has formulated a scheme of redress, and the Government has promised legislation during the current session of Parliament.

Before discussing the remedy let us look at the grievance. It springs from one of the oldest customs of humanity. When a conqueror in the ancient world had subdued a people he devoted a tithe, that is a tenth, of the spoils of war to appeasing whatever deity he worshipped, and in Israel the tithe levied on the "first fruits" of the land became a means of supporting the priests as ministers of the public ritual.

LATER, throughout Christendom, the idea of the tithe as "the Lord's portion" prevailed, and the Church, whether Roman or Protestant, was largely financed by it. So sacred was it held to be that when Selden denied the divine right of tithes he was haled before the Star Chamber in 1618, and compelled to retract his opinion.

It is a far cry from Selden to the embattled farmers of Sussex and Hants and East Anglia of to-day, and much has happened to change the incidence of the tax in the interval.

The Commutation Acts of 1836-60 sought to stabilise the impost by substituting a tithe rent charge, permanent in quantity and payable in money, for all existing tithes. But as one grievance was removed, others appeared. And in 1925 Parliament handed over to a body known as Queen Anne's Bounty the task of controlling the collection and distribution of ecclesiastical tithe (about two-thirds of the whole) on terms "just to the tithe-payers and the tithe-owners alike." The intention was good but the results were disastrous.

It was an unfortunate time for the operation. The years of the War had sent prices soaring, and immediately after the War came the great boom in agricultural land values. And on these fallacious facts tithe rent charge was fixed at an exorbitant figure—£109 10s. for every £100 rent charge (par value) in the case of ecclesiastical tithes and £105 in case of lay tithes.

Then came the great slump. The farmers, with prices halved, found themselves burdened with a tax based on the high prices of abnormal years.

Hence the Tithe War that blazed through the counties. The farmers refused to pay. Distraints were issued in thousands. At Sudbury the county court judge made over 200 distraint orders in one day. At Canterbury the judge declared that the court bailiffs could no longer cope with the work. The sales under distraint became a farce, bordering on tragedy. Police were mobilised to protect the auctioneers. The farmers refused to buy, and cattle were "knocked down" for a penny or twopence and handed back to the original owner.

The law had broken down. The countryside was threatened with a sort of civil war, with the farmers on one side and the Church on the other. It was hard on the farmer and no less hard on the parson, who often enough enjoyed at the best only a starvation stipend. Both were the victims of an evil system.

It was in these circumstances that the Commission, with Sir John Fischer Williams as chairman, was set up to examine the facts and find a solution. That solution is to be embodied, with modifications, in a Bill which Mr. Walter Elliot, the Minister of Agriculture, will introduce to Parliament before Easter.

The outstanding feature of the scheme is that the whole tithe system, as we know it, will be abolished. It is not necessary here to go into the details, but, broadly, the proposals are these: —

TITHES will cease to be an affair between the tithe-payer and the tithe-owner. They will become a part, as they should be, of the normal administration of the State. The tithe-owners will surrender their existing rights to the Government, and will receive in compensation a 3 per cent stock, fully guaranteed by the State, and amounting in total to nearly £70,000,000. Interest and sinking fund on this stock will be provided by landlords liable to tithes.

By the operation of this scheme the loan will be redeemed in 60 years. And in the meantime tithes will cease to embitter the relations of the farmers and the Church.

What does this mean to the parties concerned? The tithe-owner will be relieved of all anxiety. He will know precisely where he stands. His income will be secure, his capital asset will be a gilt-edged security, as easily marketable as any other Government stock, and his connection with the tithe-payer will be finally terminated.

So much for the parson. How does the farmer, the tithe-payer, fare? If he is to pay the same to the State that he has paid to the Church, he is obviously no better off, and the grievance remains. But he is not to pay the same. The existing annual liability of ecclesiastical tithe-payers is to be reduced from £109 10s. per £100 (par value) to £91 11s. 2d.

These proposals raise an obvious question. If the tithe-payer is to pay less and the tithe-owner is not to receive less, other sources must be tapped. Where are those sources to be found? In a normal case an incumbent whose income is £300 a year would suffer a loss of £37 a year under the scheme. Where is his compensation to come from? From the Church? From the tax-payer?

IN a minority report, Sir Leonard Coates, a member of the Commission, suggests that the annual value of the tithe should be cut still more drastically than is proposed, and that the Church should be called upon to devise an alternative scheme for improving the condition of the poorer clergy, the Government making a grant of £100,000 a year for three years, while the scheme is being planned. But after consultation with the Church authorities the Government has come to the conclusion that this is impracticable, and to meet the deficiency it proposes to give an annuity of £72,266 for 60 years "to be used at the discretion of the Church authorities to mitigate the hardships which would otherwise be suffered by the poorer clergy."

This may be an unavoidable expedient in the circumstances, but there will be much agreement with Sir Leonard's argument that the moral position of the Church would be strengthened by reforms within which made it self-supporting and independent of State aid.

I have left myself no space to deal with other phases of the scheme, especially those relating to the lay tithe-owners. It is enough to say that, in spite of the grant to the poor clergy, the proposals involve no net additional charge upon the Exchequer.

That is a gratifying fact, and we can all rejoice at the prospective end of a most regrettable social conflict.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

WURDS OV WIZDUM

THE flowers that bloom in the Spring,
tra-la,
Have nothing to do with this case;
Of them we're not anxious to sing, tra-la,
But wish to your notice to bring, tra-la,
Sir Archibald Flower in their place.

He tells us the way that we spell, tra-la,
Is fated all logic to wreck;
Our coinage he cannot call swell, tra-la,
Our weights and our measures as well,
tra-la,
He thinks should be hanged by the
neck!

Since Spring has not taken the fence,
tra-la,
That separates gladness from gloom,
Let's welcome with pleasure intense,
tra-la,
This Flower from the garden of sense,
tra-la,
That's chosen in winter to bloom!

Noting our suspicious attitude toward the decimal system and the way in which we cling to a (lack of) system of spelling which makes ordinary lunacy look sweetly reasonable, Sir Archibald Flower deplores "our inherent dislike of change."

But let him not imagine he can foist the decimal system on us! For we are justly proud of the fact that in this country a pound can be either twelve or sixteen ounces, except when it happens to be twenty shillings.

Why should we worry if the natives of France and other outlandish places resent arithmetical whims to the effect that nine gallons make a firkin, except in Leap Year, when they make a rod, pole or perch?

Sir Archibald also tells us that in all the twenty-one foreign cities he has lately visited he found people anxious to learn English, but complaining of the absord weigh in which we spell many wurds.

The Frenchman who is told that the four letters "ough" are pronounced "uff" in "enough," "ow" in "plough," "thru" in "through," "thurer" in "thorough" and "doe" in "dough" is apt to rush to a café and drink confusion to perfidious Albion in a quart of absinthe.

Our more patriotic kernels (who spell themselves "colonels," to avoid confusion with more edible nuts) may, of course, reply that it serves these confounded foreigners right—that it is like their dashed impertinence to want to learn our language!

But Sir Archibald will have the support of every schoolboy of the Bulldog breed who has suffered in his seat of learning through his inability to comprehend such awful racht as the alleged fact that yacht spells "yot."

As shiny-faced schoolchildren, we
Are taught to spell "cat" c-a-t;
But the logical child
Is unfairly reviled
If "kitten" he spells with a "c"!

We're early expected to know
That bread has its basis in "dough,"
Yet a pupil invites
A rebuke if he writes
Of the wheat that the farmer's men
"sough"!

It is clear that for spelling our schules
Can offer us no simple rools,
And those youngsters who try
Common-sense to apply
Are promptly informed that they're fules!

11 p.m. and bursting with

Bourn-vitality!

How does this Cinema Attendant keep fit?

From the moment the cinema opens until the National Anthem is played, this man is 'on the go.' It's a hard day, but his nightly cup of Bourn-vita keeps him fit. He gets sound sleep, fresh energy, and Bourn-vitality, that splendid 'on your toes' feeling that comes from Bourn-vita.

READ HIS LETTER:

'I must let you know the benefit I feel since taking Bourn-vita. I am a cinema attendant, and have often to walk home in all kinds of weather. I recently had an attack of arthritis, and it was then Bourn-vita was recommended to me. I have a half-pint every night now on my return from the cinema, say about 11.30 p.m., and I find it ensures me a good night's rest, and I wake refreshed in the morning, in fact I feel a new man.

G. W.

AND YOU . . . *Is last night's* **BOURN-VITA** *helping you now?*

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"Yes, and the children *like* it so much."

"That's why their teeth are always so beautifully white."

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HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

SIR GEORGE TILLEY, F.C.I.I., *Chairman.*

Seventy-Second Annual Report for Year ending 31st December, 1935.

TOTAL INCOME

£18,895,358

CLAIMS PAID

£100,182,094

FUNDS

£89,310,702

ORDINARY BRANCH BONUS

A simple Reversionary Bonus of £2-0-0 per cent. has been declared on Pearl Policies entitled to participate in full profits.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH BONUS

A sum of £638,069 has been set aside to provide Reversionary Bonuses to Policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1929.

Amazing OCEAN CRUISE Ramp

If any of Mr. Hudson's clients are planning to spend a happy holiday cruise under his auspices, they will meet with bitter disappointment

THE Hudson Trip for Glamour, Jollity and Health!

No, not an announcement, as many people must have supposed it to be, of a travel tour to the Hudson River or Bay.

It is the slogan of Mr. Arnold Howie Hudson, who has been waxing rich by the exercise of his ingenuity in devising new kinds of holiday pleasure cruises upon each and all of the seven seas.

The great shipping companies and the ordinary travel agencies cannot compete with Howie Hudson. He surpasses them at every point by the scope and cheapness of what he calls his fashionable and thrilling service.

All over Britain people are making preparations for the most original and best holiday they have ever been promised. Some of them have arranged to have this vacation under Hudson's auspices at Easter, but the plans made for the majority of them are not due to be fulfilled by him until the summer months.

Ghost ships!

For all of them, the cruises about which they have dreamed will now lose their glamour. They have been deluded and robbed. The Hudson Service is non-existent. His fleet of cruising vessels are only ghost-ships. Hudson is not the large-scale tours and holiday organiser that he pretends to be. He is a common cheat who has discovered a new form of cruel fraud.

Most of his victims are young people who have been saving week by week since early winter for the cheap and joyous holiday which they were to have in Hudson's imagination. Unfortunately they have had to part with their money, and all they will ever have in return for it is the coloured and florid literature which Hudson had printed to deceive them.

It seems that Hudson got the idea for his swindle when last autumn he approached one of the recognised travel agencies and suggested that, for a small commission, he was in a position to obtain clients for this year's programme of cruises.

Mere imagination

The firm had no objection, of course, to considering any business which he might introduce, but, as nothing was known about him, it naturally refused to allow him to use its name.

So Hudson decided to use his own and to create an organisation of an entirely novel kind.

Its purpose would be to introduce foreign liners to the British cruising service, to cut fares and rates to an hitherto impossibly low level and to provide the holiday-makers with completely new ideas in entertainment and recreation during the sunshine days on the open sea. But he never intended that these innovations should be anything more than a figment of his fraudulent fancy.

His first clever move was to attempt to get aristocratic patronge for his enterprise. He sought it merely by offering free passages to certain titled people.

From various sources, Hudson next procured an assortment of cruise photographs and had them reproduced as lantern slides. He also composed a kinema picture from bits and pieces of films.

With a screen and projector which he had hired he set out on his first tour—one of plunder and profit for himself.

Then and on subsequent occasions he visited workshops and factories and large offices, literary and debating societies, youth organisations and the like.

All along, his methods in every town he visits have been identical. He obtains permission from the management of, say, a business establishment to address the employees on the premises during the luncheon hour or after work. He shows his pictures to a delighted audience and gives them an admirable lecture on the charm and comfort and fascination of foreign travel.

He takes them in fancy to the Mediterranean, the Norwegian Fjords, the Baltic capitals or the islands of the Atlantic, and fills them with happy anticipation of dancing on the moonlit and floodlit decks and of sunbathing in exotic climes.

Then he comes to the Hudson Service itself and paints a word picture of his completely equipped organisation for all manner of cruises and tours from eight to twenty-one days' duration.

"Bargains"

He represents that three 12,000-ton liners have been chartered for his cruises from Continental owners. Their names are given as those of famous painters—*Vandyck*, *Velasquez* and *Van Eyck*. If there are ships with these names anywhere in the world, let it be said, this man Hudson has no right to exploit them. He has never been in negotiation with any shipowners.

His purpose in commissioning foreign liners, he explains, is that only a limited number of British-owned vessels will be available this year for cruising purposes because of the improvement in home mercantile and ordinary passenger traffic. But, he also pretends, the use of Continental ships makes pleasure cruising more economical.

Hudson certainly offers holiday bargains. He undertakes, for instance, to provide a first-class fifteen days' visit to inspect the British Fleet in the Mediterranean at an inclusive fare of £40, with no extra charge for shore excursions and no liability for gratuities.

He demonstrates that the rates for his cruises are 20 per cent. less than those of any other line or agency, and he makes his proposition more tempting by promising a further reduction of 3 per cent. on the fare if a deposit is paid forthwith and the balance met by weekly instalments.

Hudson appoints someone at the workplace or other establishment where he gives his publicity lectures to collect and remit the money to him. He gives addresses in London, Southampton and some other places to which the savings of his victims have to be sent, but enquiry has shown them to be only accommodation addresses or private houses at which he has had lodgings.

Each agent so appointed as a local treasurer and collector is privately promised commission at the rate of £5 on every £100 collected and remitted, or, alternatively—crowning impudence of all—a free passage in one of the mythical luxury liners.

This adventurer makes profuse arrangements for special parties. He has planned, for example, to reserve a whole cabin deck of one of his ships for a complement of Sunday-school teachers from various Yorkshire towns.

Another cruise is supposed to be for engaged couples only, and a third for the members of hockey clubs belonging to a southern counties league. Special provision was also to be made for short cruises for mill workers during the Lancashire wakes weeks. Still another trip—to Egypt and Palestine—was to be organised solely for clergymen and their families. Fortunately this part of the project has been scotched in time.

It is to young people Hudson has been particularly appealing, perhaps because he may think that they are not so likely to make thorough investigation of his claims.

Romance!

A favourite bait which he holds out in the course of his lectures to these prospective victims is that he has made arrangements for ladies of title and high social rank to chaperone young women passengers throughout the voyages.

Hs also emphasises the opportunities which his cruises will provide for free and easy contacts between the sexes. As soon as the ship sails, everyone is to be introduced to everybody, and he expresses the hope that the absence of irksome formality will lead to the cultivation of happy romances.

The discovery that the Hudson service is bogus is due to a slip he made when expounding his schemes to a young women's social club. He then represented that one of his ships to be used for the cruises was a large British liner, and one of the girls who was in his audience mentioned this fact to her father

He happens to be a captain in a famous steamship line, and he knows that the vessel mentioned has for some years been employed as a troopship and is now permanently in service in the Far East.

This caused him to make enquiries about Mr. Hudson which showed that the address he had given was merely that of a boarding-house where he had taken a room for a few weeks.

Hudson Trips certainly take no one anywhere, and the only enchantment of the cruises is the money they bring to the spurious organiser.

Hurry for Greatest Home Book

TENS of thousands of JOHN BULL homes have been thrilled by the great new presentation for every reader—"The Handy Man and Home Mechanic," book of a thousand-and-one ideas, and the most invaluable of all for the family man.

New, and compiled by experts, it contains 672 pages, 300,000 words, and over 800 "how-to-do-it" drawings, diagrams and photographs, including twenty-one whole-page working drawings.

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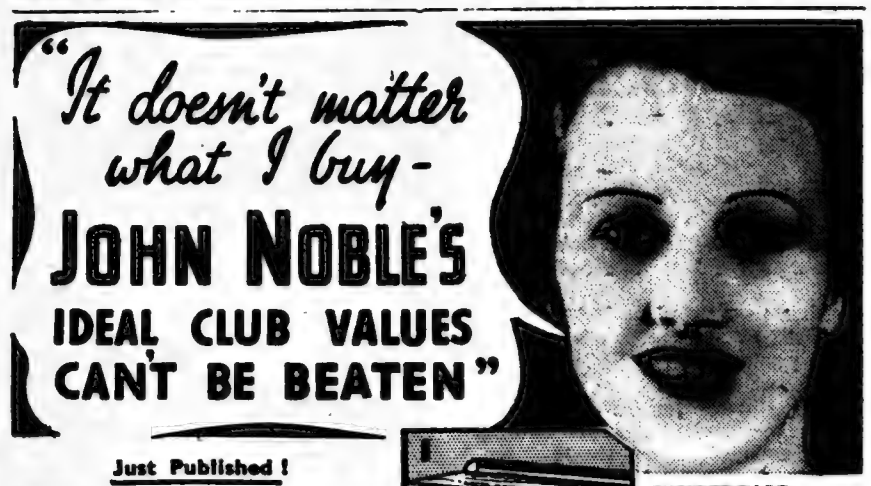

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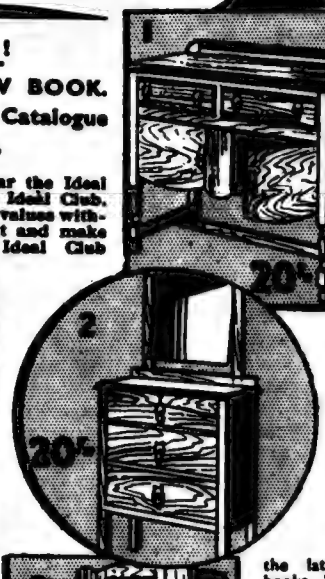

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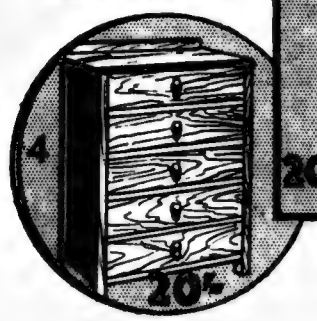

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FOR furnishing bargains turn to page 12. To every purchaser of a Suite of Furniture comes free a canteen of cutlery containing 50 pieces of stainless nickel silver and stainless steel cutlery in handsome Jacobean Oak finish case. Seize this unique opportunity now by ordering at once. The first step—fill in the coupon on page 12 for free catalogue.

SEND for this free book and say good-bye to the drudgery of spring cleaning on hands and knees. The "Sterling Value" booklet offered by the makers of GOBLIN Cleaners will be sent to all readers who fill in the coupon on page 25. For 10/- down you can secure the utmost in cleaning efficiency, suction power ease of handling and length of service at popular prices to suit all pockets. Post coupon now

GARDENING.

FREE.—Beautifully Illustrated Gardening Book. Full of hints and advice, with introduction by Richard Sudell. Send a p.c. now to LASCO, LTD. (J.B.), Carruthers St., Liverpool, 3.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, Drums and Access., trumpets, guitars, etc. 1d. p.c. brings wonderful 64-p. 1936 cat. free.—TERMS JB Raymond & Co., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4

DOBRO, the best Guitar in the world. Wonderful tone. Yours for 2/6 wkly. Send p.c. for booklet. HESSY'S, Ltd., 18/20, Manchester St., Liverpool.

FOR YOUR Gramophone! Get greater volume and better tone by fitting the Loudspeaker Soundbox. A postcard will bring you one by return. See illustrated advt. in *John Bull's* "Shop Window"—page 3.

PIANO Accordions, All well-known makes from 1/- weekly. Note the offer of Messrs. J. A. Davis & Co. on page 3.

COAL AND COKE.

COAL AND COKE. — Trucks DIRECT to anywhere. Prices and literature by return. Send NOW. — BUCKLE COLLIERY CO., 72, HALES, CHELTENHAM.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE Sample of Cephos, the Physician's Remedy for Colds, 'Flu, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica. Safe and effective. In Powders and Tablets. 8d. p.c. to CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept J.B.), BLACKBURN.

PSORIASIS-ECZEMA ended while you sleep. Satisfaction guaranteed. FREE BOOKLET.—RIDALEX, LTD., J., Lytham Rd., Blackpool.

ITCHING, CHILBLAINS CONQUERED by Chilliline. Irritation quelled and all pain soothed. Prevents bursting. Regular applications entirely eradicate Chilblains. From Chemists, 1/3, or post 1/5 from SANGERS, LTD., 42, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, N.W.1.

FREE Samples of CUTICURA preparations, soap, ointment and talcum, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage. Address Cuticura (Dept. 78A.O.), Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1. See p. 18.

100,000 test packages of Kotalko Hair Grower are offered on page 41. A free sample of Kotalko Soap is included with each gift package. Fill in the coupon and enclose 3d. in stamps.

FREE to sufferers from Circulatory Troubles! Write to the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 15B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, for a free sample of ELASTO, the new biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, the "Story of Elasto," or fill in the coupon on Back Cover.

ASTHMA sufferers are offered free supplies of remedies on pages 41 and 42.

FREE.—Generous Sample of WINCARNIS. If you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, give WINCARNIS a trial.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Coleman and Co., Ltd., Dept. A D 4, Wincarnis Works, Norwich, enclosing 4½d. stamps for postage, etc. See offer on Front Cover.

NERVE sufferers! A generous sample box of "Dr. Muller" Concentrated Nerve Food, together with a free copy of a book, "The Way to Health," is offered on p. 41.

FREE to indigestion sufferers. A pocket or handbag sample of MOORLAND brand indigestion tablets. See p. 35.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DRAPERY, Toilet, Fancy Goods, etc. Over 250 different lines. Wholesale prices. Lists Free.—Smallware Co., Wharf Street, 6, Burslem.

HOUSEWIVES! Red Tiles made like new by using Cardinal Polish. Read more about it in the advertisement on page 2

SLEEP.—Having entirely freed myself from Insomnia after 20 years' torture of sleeplessness, I shall be delighted to tell sufferers of easy home method that never fails. Just send a postcard to: "P.," Desk 3, 20, Eton Ave., London, N.12.

BOURNEMOUTH, nr. Chines.—Vacancies for few guests in private house. Near shops, buses. Excellent cooking, private sitting-room. Moderate terms. Bd. Res. or Aptmts.—Write, 9, Grosvenor Road, Bournemouth.

STUDY at home in spare time. A free copy of a special book, "The Human Machine"—the secrets of success—is offered in advt. on p. 26.

A 16-page Free Booklet, explaining how you can make extra money in spare time with the new G.T.L. Tool Chest & Home Repairing Outfit is offered on p. 38. Fill in the coupon.

FREE. — Pennings' "Everybody's Doctor." Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.W. This offer appears on p. 37.

SHORT FINGER NAILS quickly grow by using Filtex Rapid Nail Grower. Just apply nightly and watch results! Month's supply 3/6 post free.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8

REUNION DINNER.

156th Siege Battery R.G.A. and Units attached. Re-union dinner has been arranged for Cup Final Night, April 25, at London Tavern, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3. Tickets, 5/-. Apply to A. E. Field, 2, White Lion Court, Cornhill, London, E.C.3.

Fever Hospital HORROR

Girl Patient's Shocking Ordeal

"WHEN will my hands grow again, mummy?" That is the pathetic question which was recently put to Mrs. R. Loftus, of Endike Lane, Beverley High Road, Hull, by her five-year-old daughter, Beryl.

Behind this innocent question, which brought tears to the mother's eyes, lies one of the most terrible stories of misadventure in a hospital that we have ever been called to investigate.

The bare facts of the case are simply these. On February 11, 1934, Beryl Loftus, a curly-haired and beautiful little girl, was admitted to a hospital, near Hull, suffering from scarlet fever.

A few weeks ago she was restored to her parents, but it was a tragic homecoming, for she had lost both her hands!

Nor is that all. Beryl now walks with a limp, and when the slipper on her left foot is removed the reason is obvious. All the toes are missing from one foot!

This is the dreadful plight of a bright-eyed little girl who, just before entering hospital, had laughed merrily as she played snowballs with her friends.

In a short period of time terrible misfortune has overwhelmed her.

It is difficult to write coolly of the moving details of this case, but it is not our intention to make accusations against the hospital authorities who had the handling of this little girl patient. It has been officially stated that everything possible was done.

Nevertheless, there are certain elements which call for elucidation, for though such terrible tragedies are happily rare, the fact that they can and do happen in public institutions should not be ignored.

When Beryl Loftus was found to be suffering from scarlet fever she was taken to a corrugated iron structure, which bears the name of the Evan Fraser Fever Hospital, at Sutton, near Hull.

Beryl Loftus went to hospital suffering from scarlet fever. Later she returned to her parents with both hands missing

Shattering blow

An anxious-eyed mother waved her farewell. The child was not dangerously ill, and the parents, though naturally troubled at parting with their only child, had no inkling of the ghastly tragedy that lay ahead.

For three weeks reports said that Beryl Loftus was "progressing favourably," and the mother and father began to count the days when their little daughter would be home again.

Then, on the twenty-sixth day after her admittance to the hospital, came a shattering blow for the parents. The little girl was worse.

Purpura (a slight hæmorrhage of the blood vessels) set in. The areas affected were on the right elbow and arm, both ankles and the feet.

On the following day the patient was given an injection, but poor Beryl Loftus became much worse.

The toes of both feet were black and cold. The area of her left elbow was also involved.

It was quite useless for the distracted parents to pay frequent visits to that grim, corrugated iron structure which served as the fever hospital. They could do nothing but wait in blank despair for news.

Nine days later the little patient lost the toes from her left foot. Both hands were dead and cold. Thirteen days later the poor little mite lost both her hands.

But the horror was not ended. Beryl Loftus, after hovering between life and death for five months, was transferred to the Naval Hospital, Hull. Her condition was then so deplorable that a hardened house surgeon was visibly moved as he looked down on this most pathetic of patients.

The once merry and laughing child was indeed piteous to behold.

Both her hands and all the toes on her left foot were gone, and her left arm was locked fixedly owing to its septic condition!

There was a running ulcer on her right leg, and scars from bed sores on the lower part of her body, and her poor little head was verminous. A kindly sister, noticing this last condition, said: "Her poor head should be cropped to the skin, but I can't do it."

It has never been explained how this poor, helpless little girl had been allowed to get in this state.

For a time it was thought by the surgeons of the Naval Hospital, Hull, that it would be necessary for them to amputate the left arm. But this was found unnecessary. By grafting skin taken from the child's stomach on to the affected arm, it was saved, after several operations.

Then followed weeks of pain and misery for that pathetic little patient, who now cried at the sight of nurse or doctor. Operation succeeded operation.

At last her parents took her home.

A JOHN BULL investigator who called at her home a few days ago found her playing at ball, but there were no little hands to catch it, and she could kick the ball with only one foot.

Poor little Beryl Loftus hardly grasps the full tragedy of the fact that her hands are missing. A little while ago she started going to school, and, childlike, she hopes and believes that her hands will grow again.

"Everything done"

"Whatever it was that my little girl was suffering from," Mrs. Loftus tells us, "it does seem dreadful that this terrible calamity could have happened.

"A few days ago Beryl started school again, but how can she write or do anything else?"

There, for the moment, ends a story of sheer, unrelieved tragedy that will surely shock every parent in the land.

What have the authorities to say about this?

The Medical Officer of Health for Hull, in a letter dealing with the case of Beryl Loftus, declares that everything possible had been done.

His letter runs: "Councillor W. E. Copeland (as chairman of the Health and Public Assistance Committee), Councillor R. E. Smith (as Chairman of the Tuberculosis and Hospitals Sub-committee), and myself, after going fully into all the circumstances of the case are, with the medical superintendent, satisfied that everything possible was done to treat the child carefully."

That we do not doubt, but surely there must be some explanation for this dreadful misadventure?

There the matter ends so far as the authorities are concerned, and the unfortunate parents are expected to be content with being left completely in the dark.

One of many

Most people will agree that the circumstances of this most tragic case should not be left surrounded in mystery. Particularly when we say that the condition of the Evan Fraser Fever Hospital is such that a local councillor has declared that it "should have been pulled down years ago."

Although there have been as many as ninety patients in this hospital, there is no resident doctor.

Unhappily, an increasing volume of evidence reaches this office week by week which suggests that hospital organisation and health services in many provincial towns need drastic overhauling.

The case we have dealt with, though exceptionally poignant, is but one of many tragedies brought to our notice.

The need is for vigorous and effective investigation of the whole question by the Ministry of Health.

Nothing can make poor little Beryl Loftus's hands "grow again," but the parents have been informed "that there is no possible chance of any claim for compensation or damages." They have a right to demand a more satisfactory explanation than they have so far received.

WHEN Mr. G. Akehurst and his wife, of 75, Amelia Street, Walworth, S.E., got home from the pictures recently the news which awaited them was more cheering than any film comedian. A few days previously he had spent his usual half-hour over the teacups with the JOHN BULL Crossword. He has been doing that fairly regularly every week for the last three years, but without winning a prize.

But with a square he entered for the fourth of our present series of Crossword Competitions he has been repaid a thousandfold—in fact, by £1,000 cash.

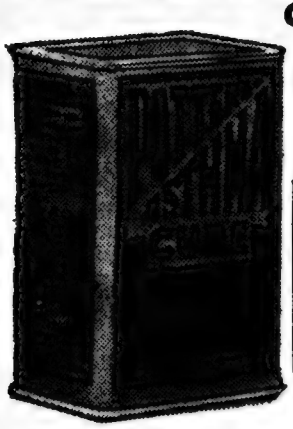
To a JOHN BULL man who called to congratulate this first outright winner in our latest Crossword Competition, Mr. Akehurst spoke of his plans.

"First I shall send a donation to Guy's Hospital," he said. "That will help to repay kindness shown to myself and my son while patients there. Then I'll place a sum on one side in case my children need it later. The rest will be put aside as a nest-egg for when my wife and I start getting old."

Mr. Akehurst's Crossword methods are simple but thoroughly sound. "I weigh up the words side by side," he explained, "and then fill in the one I think more appropriate."

That is the way in which you can entertainingly spend the next half-hour with page 40 and win that £1,250 in cash, or £2 Weekly for Life and £500, which we offer this week. Why not a thrilling telegram on Friday, March 20, for *you*?

If you are subject to attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis, or other painful Chest Troubles you should go to your Chemist at once and get a tin of



POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

It gives you

INSTANT RELIEF

Keep Potter's in the home ready for use—you will then prevent attacks at night when relief is so necessary.

A.P.W. writes:—"I have been a sufferer from Asthma for 9 years and am finding great relief from Potter's Asthma Cure. It helps me to breathe more freely and is most soothing. I feel most grateful for the rest it enables me to get. I have no hesitation in recommending it to any fellow sufferer. I have no objection to this being published should you wish it."

Don't hesitate, because the longer you allow Asthma to remain in your system the stronger hold it will have on you. **Potter's Asthma Cure gives immediate sweet and soothing relief** and sufferers tell us it actually makes existence possible and has given them ease and comfort such as they had long been strangers to. There is no medicine or tablets to be taken. Simply inhale the pleasant fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure and instantly that nightly gasping for breath and attacks of coughing cease as if by magic. There is no need for delay as **every chemist everywhere sells Potter's**—it is the one remedy that will give you the relief you need. If you are a sufferer from these distressing complaints, write for a copy of the interesting booklet "Are You Asthmatic?" which gives useful information as to treatment, as well as hints on health and diet.

OUTDOOR WORKERS who suffer from Asthma or Bronchitis, and are obliged by their occupation to be outdoors in all weathers, especially fog, should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture for immediate soothing relief. Always carry a supply with you and thus avoid future attacks. Chemists and Stores everywhere sell them.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

No Asthma sufferer should ever be without a tin of this wonderful remedy in the home—attacks frequently come on without warning. It is also unequalled for Bronchitis, Catarrh, Chest Tightness, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Croup, Chronic Colds, etc. It contains no opiates or habit forming drugs and does not cause headache.

Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

How to Treat Your SKIN ERUPTION

ECZEMA
PIMPLES
BOILS
ABSCESSES

Why suffer humiliation from the scrutiny of passers-by? If your face is marred by a disfiguring eruption, an angry rash, or unsightly blotches, a course of Cuticura treatment will quickly clear your skin. Healing starts with the first application. Itching, irritation and smarting stop instantly. Pimples begin to dry up and rashes fade, your mirror shows a visible improvement each day until, in a few days, scarcely a trace of the disfigurement remains.

Wash the affected part night and morning with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Brand Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once, and is an unfailing remedy. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura Brand Ointment penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs and eradicates the poisons which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

Cuticura PREPARATIONS

SAMPLE of Soap, Ointment and Talcum sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps. Address:—Cuticura, (Dept. 78 A.O.), Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

BLACKHEADS? ENLARGED PORES GREASY SKIN

I used to have a terrible complexion. My skin was covered with blackheads and enlarged pores. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good. Then on a chemist's advice I tried Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. In a few days my skin was already fresher and whiter. In a week every enlarged pore and blackhead had disappeared — my skin was clear, soft and smooth.

Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil. These sink down into the pores and remove deep-seated dirt which soap and water can never reach. Other precious ingredients nourish and rejuvenate the skin, tighten up the pores. Any woman even if middle-aged, may quickly obtain a fresh clear lovely skin of which any young girl would be proud.

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 41.

Eat without Pain

no more Acidity—no more Flatulence

Perhaps you are even now suffering torture from your last meal. Why live in such misery? By the aid of 'Milk of Magnesia' you can enjoy and digest your very next meal in comfort. It sweetens a sour, acid stomach within five minutes. Stops acute gastric pain almost instantly. What is even better, it restores the natural activity of the gastric juice, thus easing the work of the stomach and aiding the return of full digestive power.

Doctors prefer 'Milk of Magnesia' for stomach troubles because it is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the human digestive system.

For convenience, many carry 'Milk of Magnesia' in the handy Tablet form. Each Tablet equal to one teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia'.

A neat, flat tin for the waistcoat pocket or lady's bag 1/-; also a family size bottle, 2/-. Of all chemists. Take them after your next meal — it will mark the end of your indigestion.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

WARNING to 2,000,000 DEAF

by Sir Wyndham Childs

THERE are many reliable and efficient appliances for aiding the deaf—their nature, of course, varying according to the conditions causing deafness—but countless unfortunate people, suffering under the handicap of deafness, are being callously exploited through the wiles of certain medical "quacks."

When I point out that one person of every three of the total population of Britain suffers, in some form or other, from deficiency of hearing; that there are at least 2,000,000 in whom that deficiency is a major handicap; and that there are 40,000 completely deaf and dumb persons in the country, it will be seen that the field for the exploiter is a wide one.

Indeed, so grievous has this scandal become that the National Institute for the Deaf, of Gower Street, London, has deemed it necessary to publish an official warning, and to voice an opinion that I have long held:

"The evils are so widespread and so harmful to a large section of the community as to call for Government enquiry."

Commercial firms that market appliances to overcome deafness are multiplying in number. There are, of course, many concerns that are quite straightforward and honest in their dealing with clients, and these would be the first to welcome legislation that would exclude the quacks who bring their profession into disrepute.

For there is an ever-increasing number of shady, unscrupulous practitioners, who make fantastic undertakings of cures and alleviation, accept cases without any regard to the requirements of patients, and have really only one object—the earning of exorbitant profits.

The records on my files, I repeat, contain innumerable instances—pathetic in their detail and hardship—where poor people have been despoiled of their savings in a vain search among the quacks for promised relief to their deafness.

Lord Charnwood (standing), President of the National Institute for the Deaf, which is doing splendid work in striving to stamp out quackery

Good move

I am pleased to find that, as a safeguard to the afflicted, the National Institute for the Deaf has prepared a list of dealers and firms of good repute; firms that do not regard suffering as a means of money-making.

Conditions of entry on that approved list are these:

The most suitable aid, whether electrical or mechanical, indicated by the condition of the client, shall be recommended, while if no aid appears likely to help, the client shall be informed.

If the purchaser is dissatisfied with the hearing aid supplied, and requests the return of the amount paid, this shall be refunded, less a sum not exceeding 5 per cent. of the purchase price.

It is because so many pathetic letters reach me from victims that I am moved to denounce the methods adopted by those who batten on their affliction.

A country clergyman, whose gradually growing deafness was brought about by war service, has had some unhappy experiences in searching for an aid to hearing.

He was first attracted by an advertisement in a Scottish newspaper, which declared that by a particular treatment of deafness 99 per cent. of deaf persons treated had been *cured*.

Full of hope, he went to the treatment centre, which was in the most fashionable residential quarter of a Midland city. The consultant sat in a spacious, well-furnished room, and at the interview assured the clergyman that his case was quite a simple one, and that within a month his hearing would be restored.

A test of the suggested instrument was applied in an elaborately equipped room with two women dressed as nurses in attendance, and as a result the visitor handed over fifteen guineas for the device which was to cure him.

In everyday practice, however, the clergyman found that hearing was not improved in the slightest. After a month he returned to the "consultant," to be told blandly by the man, who had promised so much, that his case was "incurable."

Later this clergyman had another illuminating experience with a different type of aural aid. He was visited by a salesman travelling the country on behalf of an "ear specialist." This agent pledged himself to the statement that "if our instrument is bought" the clergyman would be able to hear admirably at long range in church or any large hall.

The salesman was taken at his word. He was escorted to the village church, placed in the pulpit and requested to read a passage of Scripture.

Indignant

Using the appliance which was to remove his deafness, the clergyman listened at a distance of forty feet from the pulpit. Not a word of the reading was intelligible. A second trial was made at a distance of only twenty feet, with exactly the same result.

Finally, an indignant and disappointed salesman took his departure, blaming the acoustics of the church. The price of the instrument he tried to sell was twelve guineas. If the clergyman had made a purchase on the agent's assurance he would have been left with something of no assistance to him.

It is important to realise the attitude of mind of most of those individuals who purchase aids to hearing or patronise alleged deafness cures.

They are severed from their fellows by their infirmity. They have suffered social misery and, in desperation, are willing to make great sacrifices to be even only partially restored to normality.

Many are predisposed to accept any promise of relief, no matter how extravagant. Thus they are easy victims for the quack medical practitioner and the unscrupulous dealer in appliances. I have seen devices which could not possibly have cost more than a few shillings to manufacture. Yet they were sold at prices ranging up to as much as £5 5s., and often no refund of the purchase money was allowed should the instrument prove of no service at all.

Prices for the same kind of appliance vary according to the capacity of the customer to pay. At one shop, for example, an appliance costs a guinea, while at another "consulting-room" an identical appliance is priced at five guineas.

Poor people, old-age pensioners, ex-Servicemen, and domestic servants are constantly induced to throw away pounds they cannot possibly afford on some of these worthless "inconspicuous aids to the deaf."

Specially trained salesmen and women are employed by several of the firms who market mechanical and electrical anti-deaf instruments. And they work under a rigid order that a sale must never be missed.

Persons entering any of the "consulting-rooms" of certain firms have the greatest possible difficulty in escaping without having signed a contract to make a purchase, or without parting with a cheque.

Every simple enquirer is converted into a purchaser—or the salesman must explain the reason why to his chief.

Blank cheque forms are always available at such places. The plea, "I will think the matter over. Anyway, I have not my cheque-book with me," is countered with the immediate production of a blank form cheque which can be filled in and signed there and then. Indeed, people are almost *driven* into buying.

Tests of the instruments made in these *shops*—for that is all they are in effect—are often carried out in rooms cunningly constructed to magnify sounds and speech. In this way a deaf person is really deceived.

He tries an instrument in such a room and may imagine that he actually hears a little better.

Of course, he is delighted, thinking that the device will be of material benefit.

But when he goes away and uses the instrument under conditions of ordinary life, in home, office or the street, he discovers that the improvement in hearing is negligible.

Welcome

Returning with this complaint to the selling firm, the purchaser is then informed that he should rightly have a stronger instrument at a higher price. In this way the "racket" is continued.

That is why I welcome the move now being made by the National Institute for the Deaf, in co-operation with reputable dealers and manufacturers, to drive the quack out of existence.

Their admirable rules might well form the basis of legislation that is long overdue.

The Human Machine

What About *You?*

MOST of our discontent with Life comes from our inability to see Life straight. It comes, if you prefer plainer speaking, from our self-complacent ignorance. If you want to understand, you must know. Most of us know very little. Consequently, most of us don't understand very much.

We look at Life too personally. We take an entirely selfish and self-centred point of view. There's far too much "I" about most of our relationships with Life.

Ponder this. It's one of the truest things ever written:

"Every one of us has been born in debt to all the intelligent and kindly people who have ever lived. We owe them for our comforts, our happiness, our characters. They lifted us above the level of the cave men.

"They showered us with scientific wonders. They gave us a language of four hundred thousand words. They gave us every worth while thing and quality we possess. They helped us.

"There is not a man now living in any civilised country who has not been helped by millions of people, living or dead. Someone, a million years ago, discovered a way to create fire and so enabled him to be warm and have cooked food.

"Someone invented the alphabet for him, so that he can read and write. Someone found out how to spin and weave, so that he can have clothing. And so on."

Obvious—when it's pointed out. But few of us think of the obvious until it is pointed out.

We've been helped. We can help. We can take some corner of knowledge and add to it. We can pass on ideas. We can—if we can do nothing else—keep ourselves mentally alert and alive.

Don't say you can't do anything. Your job is to do your damnedest and let others judge its value.

Flowered voile washes clear and brilliant time after time

The brightest hues — the softest shades — are safe in Persil's gentle suds

You bought it because the colours were gay, because the shades just fitted your pet ideas. Then guard and protect it in the way that cannot harm. Water itself is not more careful than Persil's oxygen suds. After dozens and dozens of Persil washings your coloured things will still be looking like new — with the same gay brilliance, the self-same shades that you loved the day you bought them.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

Persil

PER 522-364-6E

MEN OF ABILITY

IN EVERY TRADE

always wear BOLENIUMS

The Aristocrat of Overalls!

Only the best is good enough for the men who wear Boleniums. They know that a few pence more spent on honest quality saves shillings in the long run. Extra strong dust and grease-proof material, strongest where the strain comes, all seams double sewn with 16 Boot Thread, unique Non-Slip buckle —are just a few of the many Bolenium advantages. Ask your outfitter, or write for name of nearest stockist.

BOLENIUM

(Pronounced BO-LEEN'-UM)

OVERALLS Worn by the man who knows . . .!

BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept. 1), UPTON PARK, LONDON, E.13

The 5 Stages of a COUGH!!

WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU NEGLECT IT

Amazing Relief from VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE

COUGH
TICKLING IN THE THROAT CHEST SORE
SLIGHT COUGH IF NEGLECTED TURNS TO —
BAD COUGH
SOON LEADS TO ASTHMA OR BRONCHITIS
YEARS OF SUFFERING MAY FOLLOW

If only people realised the danger of neglecting even the slightest Cough they would not delay an instant in taking Venos Lightning Cough Cure. For a Cough can easily develop into serious Chest or Lung trouble — result in years of untold suffering. Don't let this happen to you. Don't be caught without a bottle of Venos in the home. It's a typical case of a "Stitch in time saves Nine." Venos stops Coughs like Lightning, ends Colds, wards off 'Flu and brings ease and comfort to even Chronic Chest Sufferers. Purely herbal—nothing better for children and the aged. A bottle of Venos NOW means a Cough-Free Winter.

Cures your Cough or Costs you nothing.

Obtain a bottle of Venos Lightning Cough Cure AT ONCE. If it doesn't stop your cough return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester and your money will be refunded immediately.

VENOS BRAND **Lightning COUGH CURE**

For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, 'Flu. 11½d. 1/3 & 3/- per Bottle

STRICTLY ANONYMOUS

I Drove a Man to his Death

I lost my temper and faced him savagely. "Even a grocer's daughter might think twice about getting entangled with the son of a convicted forger!"

I ONCE read a proverb on a calendar about it being impossible to recall a thrown stone or a spoken word; but the significance of this truth was not brought home to me until I became involved in a tragedy that has haunted me ever since.

For, by a thoughtless word, uttered in a moment of indignation, I drove a man to his death in terrible circumstances.

It makes no difference that I regretted my outburst almost immediately it had been uttered; that regret, as the proverb implies, was futile. But it may ease my mind a little to make this confession, and possibly others may learn from it the wisdom of thinking twice before they let slip wounding words that may do irretrievable harm.

I am a retired prison warder, and for a good many years now I have led a quiet and secluded life in a little country village near the East Anglian coast.

I certainly was contented enough until my retirement was marred and my serenity of mind disturbed by the episode of which I now wish to tell.

It began soon after the war, when there came to this locality a man who was looked upon as a typical specimen of the "newly rich," and whom I will call by the fictitious name of Jack Haverly.

It was soon apparent that outward appearances were not deceptive so far as the newcomer was concerned. The general estimation proved to be correct, for Haverly made no secret of the fact that he had amassed a huge fortune from the manufacture of boots during the war period.

HE was a widower, his wife having died just before he moved to our village; in fact, this bereavement was understood to be the reason why he had sold up his old home and decided to retire to the country.

He had an only son, a pleasant-mannered fellow in the early twenties. I heard quite a lot of talk about this war-profiteer before we actually met, but I had no idea that he was someone already known to me until I caught a glimpse of him in the village street one morning and recognised him almost instantly as an ex-convict who had served a long sentence in a prison at which I had been employed for many years before the war!

I had been trained to remember faces and general characteristics, so was in no doubt about the man's identity; but he did not recognise me, and after that first encounter I took especial pains to avoid meeting him again, deciding that it was better to keep my vital knowledge to myself.

After all, he had expiated his offence in the eyes of the law, and was, so far as I could tell, leading a perfectly honest life. There was no occasion to resurrect that ghost from the past.

It is more than likely that I should have dismissed the matter from my mind had not fate intervened and brought it very much to the fore again.

For though I did not see anything more of the father, I began to see a great deal of the son, who had made the acquaintance of my sister's daughter and was clearly paying her very close attention.

She was employed in the village grocery store, and the young man was always dropping in on some slender pretext or other, making trifling purchases as a blind when all the time the object of his visits was most obvious.

When the girl's mother mentioned this to me I was in a quandary. Quite naturally, I suppose, my first thought was: "Like father, like son," but from what I had seen of the lad I liked him and was reluctant to form any hasty judgment.

You can imagine my predicament when my sister voiced her approval of the match and invited my own opinion. I tried to be as non-committal as I could, feeling that perhaps the affair would not endure for long.

But in this I was mistaken. The young couple were strongly attracted to each other, and as their affection ripened, village gossips began to talk and came to the ears of Haverly, senior.

His reaction was typical of the man. There is no snob like your newly-rich—especially if the rise to wealth has been exceptionally rapid. He became infuriated at the idea of his son associating with a girl who worked in a village grocery store; told the lad that the courtship must stop at once, and threatened all sorts of wild things if any further meetings took place.

THE course of true romance is not so easily diverted, and now I felt constrained to take a hand. Knowing what I did of Jack Haverly's history, I was incensed at the suggestion that he considered my niece beneath his son.

So when the girl came to me with impassioned pleas to help her romance along, I did not need very much persuasion. By this time I was satisfied that young Haverly was a thoroughly sterling fellow. I gave the match my blessing, and when the young lovers met secretly in a summer-house at the bottom of my long garden, I feigned complete ignorance and allowed the courtship to proceed unhampered.

Eventually, however, news of these secret meetings leaked out, as I suppose was inevitable in a small community. Haverly got to hear of them, jumped to the correct assumption that I was in collusion with the lovers, and called upon me in a towering rage.

I listened quietly to all he had to say, patiently at first, but rankling under his scathing tirade.

"It's disgusting!" he declared, beating the table with his fist to emphasise his indignation. "No doubt you are content for your niece to make a good match; but, believe me, I am not going to allow any son of mine to get entangled with a gold-digging daughter of a common grocer!"

You will hardly blame me for being enraged at this ill-mannered insult to my sister's child.

I lost my temper completely and answered my visitor back with equal vehemence.

"Listen, Haverly," I retorted, rising to my feet and facing him savagely. "Even 'a common grocer's daughter,' as you choose to term her, might think twice about getting entangled with the son of a convicted forger!"

The immediate change that came over the man was something I shall not forget. Every drop of blood seemed to be withdrawn from his features in a flash.

"Wh-what do you know?" he gasped at last.

"I know that your real name is not Jack Haverly!" I told him, quick to follow up my advantage. "And if you'd been trained to remember faces as I have been you'd know me as 'Warder James.'"

His jaw dropped as belated recognition dawned upon him; then, without uttering another word, he turned and stumbled from my cottage, a crushed and broken figure.

Even as I saw him go the wrath that had moved me to utter those wounding words gave place to pity. I had an impulse to run after him; but his insulting reference to my niece still rang in my brain and I thought: "No; let him go; he deserves it."

Jack Haverly was never again seen alive! That same night he drowned himself in a pool at a near-by gravel-pit leaving behind a farewell note intimating that he feared exposure.

DISTRACTED at the thought of the disgrace that might fall upon his son, whom he had always kept in ignorance about his earlier criminal life, he had been driven to suicide.

As the inquest proceedings brought out the fact that Haverly had been suffering from a severe nervous breakdown, my part in the affair did not emerge. Rightly or wrongly, I kept silent, and this is the secret that I have kept locked in my breast for more than fifteen years.

To have revealed the truth before this would only have marred the happiness of the young couple whose romance had already been overshadowed enough. I am glad to say that they have been man and wife for many years now, and that the partnership has proved ideal in every way.

They often visit me at my cottage, and their children love to run wild in the garden.

Yet, sometimes when I watch this happy little family, I have a qualm of conscience, for although fate thought fit to use me as an accessory in this matchmaking, I can never quite forget those harsh words of mine that sent a reformed man to his death.

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul.

Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden.

We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be "Strictly Anonymous."

I Saw for Myself

by a

JOHN BULL INVESTIGATOR

Who here tells the first story of what is perhaps the blackest spot in the treatment of juvenile offenders—the much criticised Remand Homes.

In these Homes boys and girls are sometimes kept for long periods while awaiting admission to the Approved Schools, which were described in "John Bull" last week.

CHILDREN'S HOME

THE first Remand Home I saw in the provinces was one of the most depressing places, inside and out, that I have ever seen.

It was the dingiest house in a dingy street which had very much "come down in the world." There was a little garden in front of the Home, which was nearly covered with grey paving stones, bordered on either side with two or three forlorn-looking laurel bushes.

You walked up eight dark grey, rather broken steps to the front door, which was large and forbidding, and, when you had been admitted through it into a dark, cheerless hall, closed with a bang that seemed to shut out all the light and brightness in the world.

The superintendent's sitting-room-office was severe and uncomfortable, but, even so, it was the most cheerful room, with the exception of the kitchen, in that gloomy Victorian house filled with the ghosts of children's misery.

The rooms were all dark and dreary, with chocolate-coloured paint. I cannot think why the institutional mind always runs to chocolate paint; there is no form of decoration which so inevitably produces an atmosphere of gloom and depression.

Barred windows

This particular Home was arranged to take eighteen boys, for whom two dormitories were provided—both with heavily barred windows. One of these contained eight and the other ten narrow beds.

There was no other furniture in either of the rooms, and no possibility of heating them, which would not have mattered but for the fact that the blankets on the beds were thin and inadequate for cold winter nights, *and that there was no separate room in which a sick child could be put.*

When I was there I discovered that only a week or two earlier a boy had been taken seriously ill, and had run a high temperature with symptoms of pneumonia, and that he had had to be kept in bed in one of the cold dormitories where seven other boys slept with him at night.

I was appalled by the risks that must constantly be run in an institution where there are children of all sorts, and from every kind of home, continually coming in, sometimes for a few hours, sometimes for days or weeks, and sometimes even for months.

The compulsory bath taken on entering the place cannot cleanse away incipient disease or infection. And everyone knows how quickly a child may develop a severe illness which needs special care and warmth, and also that immediate isolation is imperative in case he may be sickening for an infectious disease.

At most Remand Homes I have visited all such precautions are impossible, for not only is there nowhere to isolate the child, but the staff, which is nearly *always* inadequate in number, is far too overworked to give any proper attention to one sick child.

It is often many hours, and sometimes even days, before arrangements can be made to transfer a child to hospital. During this time he may have infected half the other children in the home, besides becoming much more seriously ill himself than he otherwise would, simply because arrangements had not been made for such emergencies in the organisation of the Home.

In most Remand Homes the children are separated into two groups: those under and those over fourteen years of age. Each group has its own day room, in which the children eat, play and work, when not doing housework under supervision.

Left together

All too often, as in the case of the Home I first saw, these rooms are utterly dreary and comfortless, with only hard, backless forms to sit upon, chocolate-coloured walls to look at, and a very few dilapidated books and games with which to pass the long hours.

The children are often locked into these day rooms together, without supervision, and with practically nothing to do except quarrel and bully each other.

I would like to protest very emphatically, here and now, at the way children are left together in the Remand Homes, both in the day and at night.

Knowing, as everyone does, how cruel ordinary children—boys particularly—can be to each other, and realising that the boys in these Homes are all either abnormal themselves or come from abnormal surroundings (that is, bad homes), the possibilities of spiritual and physical harm that may be inflicted on the smaller and more sensitive children by being shut up all night, and for hours each day, with brutal and cruel big boys are not pleasant to contemplate.

Too much

Most of the officials in charge are fully alive to these dangers, and endeavour to avert them; but what can they do when, as is often the case, there are only a husband and wife in charge of fifteen to twenty boys of all ages?

Take, for instance, one Remand Home for boys, run by a married couple, where the man who is in charge is also the sole caretaker of an adjacent elementary school, which takes twelve hundred children.

He explained to me that caretaking the school alone was really a whole-time job. But, beside that, he has to look after, and keep in order, the ten boys in the Remand Home, for which his wife does all the domestic work. For the last few weeks he has, it is true, had some help for the remand children from a visiting ex-policeman, who, incidentally, is, of course, completely untrained in juvenile work.

No help

The superintendent and his wife work from 6.30 a.m. to midnight, seven days a week; added to which they are often called up by the police during the night to receive, bath, feed and put to bed boys who have been arrested or found wandering.

Another Remand Home which caters for both boys and girls served the children's courts of five counties. This Home can take nineteen boys and four or five girls.

Here a married couple have sole charge, with no help at all. The wife, who is the matron, does all the cooking, and, with what help she can get from the untrained children, the cleaning, the mending, the catering, the sick nursing when required, and all the other domestic duties necessitated by a shifting family of anything up to twenty-five children.

The husband, who, I thought, looked dreadfully tired and ill, has complete charge of the boys. He teaches them, supervises their work in the garden, gives them drilling, and endeavours to keep an eye on all of them all the time to prevent bullying and misbehaviour. He also baths the new boys whenever they may be brought in, fills up endless forms for the police, as well as performing many other duties that arise.

Problem of girls

The result is that neither the husband nor the wife ever gets so much as an hour off. They start at 6 a.m. and finish after midnight, and they, too, often have to get up during the night to receive new admissions.

An extra complication is added to *their* lives by the fact that they are obliged to receive girls as well as boys.

Sometimes there are no girls for weeks on end, and then often there is a single girl for a considerable period, which makes the position very difficult. There is no proper accommodation for girls, so, when they are admitted, the boys have to give up their very pleasant recreation room to them.

This particular Home is one of the few that are light and pleasant and well equipped. But even here there are no proper arrangements made for the segregation of the sexes, and, as the matron pointed out to me, when there are over a dozen boys of all ages admitted for every kind of crime—and some of them great hulking lads of sixteen and seventeen—and when the girls who come in are generally committed for being immoral, it is quite impossible to do anything but keep them strictly apart.

The consequence is that when, as was the case at the time of my visit, one girl has been committed to the Home for an indefinite period, it means that the wretched child has to be kept under lock and key, and alone most of the time, because, obviously, the overworked officials have very little time they can devote to her. I cannot imagine any treatment more unsatisfactory and depressing for a girl who so obviously is not the type to be thrown com-

When both boys and girls are in on means that a girl is kept under the time, in a room utterly

N'S REMAND HOMES

—The TRUTH at LAST

... boys and girls are in one Remand Home, it sometimes ... a girl is kept under lock and key, alone most of ... time, in a room utterly dreary and comfortless

places there are no proper arrangements made for them, and they are housed in Rescue Homes or shelters, or almost anywhere where they can apparently be safely dumped while on remand.

One of the very few exceptions to this is the Birmingham Remand Home for Girls, which has been specially built for this purpose over the Children's Court.

This is a beautifully equipped place, with warm, bright sitting rooms, and delightful little single bedrooms for the girls. The whole place has a pleasant, friendly atmosphere which must help to give the girls heart to turn their backs on a wretched past, and to set out with new courage towards a better future.

In so many of the Girls' Homes there is an atmosphere of general disapprobation and suspicion which is quite alien to all modern ideas of treatment of juvenile delinquency.

Indeed, the officials seem to have no thought of looking for the *cause* of the trouble which makes young criminals of the children, and appear entirely to overlook the fact that, at any rate in a very large number of cases, the young people are victims of circumstances and environment, and that what they need to set them on the right path is kindliness and a helping hand, not merely harsh discipline, which often bewilders and frightens them into going further astray.

"Of course, we don't stand any nonsense here," the superintendent of a Girls' Home said to me; and, indeed, when I saw the girls I realised there was "no nonsense," and precious little understanding, there, and I wondered what would be the future of the wretched and misguided young things who found themselves shut up in that "prison," often for many weeks at a time.

Unfortunately, there was no means of finding this out, nor could I learn anything from the timid "No," and "Yes," which was all I could extract by way of conversation from any of the inmates.

One of the most serious defects of our system of dealing with delinquent children is that we do not, as they do in some of the more enlightened European countries, put them under trained observation before deciding what is to be done with them.

Little scope

Remand Homes ought to be observation centres, in which the difficulties and characteristics of each child could be studied by an expert with a view to giving advice to the magistrates on the best course of treatment to conquer the disease which, in so many cases, has led the child to commit the so-called crimes which are really symptoms of the disease.

As it is, the officials of the Homes have neither the time nor the knowledge to study the children individually; the trouble is that those in charge have too much power and too little scope, and, in many cases, they are also the wrong people to be in charge at all of difficult and unhappy boys and girls.

Two things particularly struck me in a number of the Homes as seriously wrong.

First, the lack of any adequate supervision of the children's diet.

The other thing is that the superintendents of the Boys' Homes seem to have a free hand with punishment; they may cane the boys, or dock their food, at their own sweet pleasure; and, considering how overworked these officials all seem to be, and how often their nerves must be frayed and on edge as a result, it must almost certainly lead to a certain amount of injustice and abuse, even with kindly officials.

But the power over defenceless children hidden behind lock and key that it puts into the hands of bad-tempered or brutal authorities is horrible.

The sort of thing this may, and sometimes does, mean is particularly emphasised in the case of children with nervous maladies which make them troublesome to the staff.

In such cases I found the attitude of those in charge was almost invariably that what the boys or girls needed was to be frightened out of it by punishment. Indeed, I was actually told of children who were punished for a trouble that every modern doctor knows can only be cured by medical treatment.

In one case, a matron, in telling me about two children suffering in this way, said: "I let them know we didn't put up with that sort of thing here."

I asked if the children had been any better as a result of her "firmness," to which she replied: "Well, to tell the truth, they seemed to get worse instead of better; but they're mental—they ought to be certified!" She had, of course, no idea of the ignorance and unkindness to which she was confessing.

Behind bars

Here were two children, suffering from a nervous disease which was obviously made worse by their being frightened, condemned as mentally defective, really because a form of treatment, which was bound to make them worse, failed to cure them. One might just as well shut up a patient suffering from tuberculosis in a stuffy, unventilated room, and then say he was insane because his lungs became worse.

I found the attitude of several officials in charge of these Children's Homes was either that the children were all suffering from a severe attack of original sin, which could only be checked by fear; or else that practically all the children who came up before the courts were mentally defective, and, in the case of girls particularly, the sooner they were certified and put out of harm's way behind bars the better.

One woman, who was in charge of a shelter for girls which was also used as a Remand Home, almost gloated over the number of girls she had got put away. "I had to work ever so hard to get her certified," she said about one of the girls. Out of the six girls in the Home when I was there, she hoped, with luck, to get two certified!

Remodel them

And when I asked, in the case of one of her "successful ventures," whether the girl would be kept in a mental institution permanently, she said: "I hope so!"

There should be many more Remand Homes for children than there are; but also most of those now in existence ought to be completely remodelled, and run on a new system, and very often with quite different officials under a new sort of control.

Can the magistrates who officiate at the children's courts and who condemn boys and girls to live in these places until vacancies occur for them in the congested Home Office schools have any idea of the true conditions?

It would seem that they cannot, otherwise it is inconceivable that their conscience would allow them to keep on sending recruits to the sordid establishments.

Manifestly, there is now at least a moral duty upon the magistrates to make themselves personally and fully acquainted with the grim realities of the conditions in which the State is seeking to nurture young and already damaged lives. Far, far better to allow the children to remain in their own homes, even if they are bad, or to find accommodation for them in foster homes.

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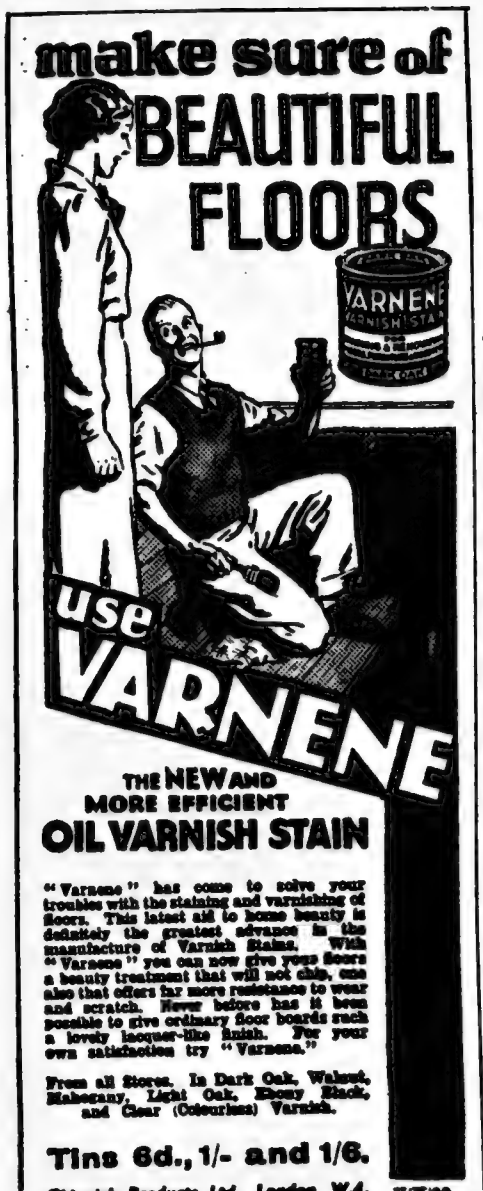
pletely on her own (probably non-existent) spiritual resources.

Girls on remand, on the whole, come off worse than boys. The truth is that girls are either more virtuous or less adventurous than boys; at any rate, whatever the reason may be, the girls form only a tiny proportion of the juvenile delinquents.

The consequence is that in most



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Who Called the DOCTOR?

"What do you want?" He spoke thickly, and I thought at first he was drunk

Dr. A. J. CRONIN

writes

MY TRUE STORY

this week in our great series by Famous Authors

IT was a wet and dark December night. The wind howled down the narrow valley amongst the scattered houses of the mining village, driving the rain against the window-panes and scouring the deserted streets in hissing gusts. The shops were long since shut, and only a bleary gleam came through the blinds of the Tredower Arms. Not a soul was visible.

When I had finished my last round I came in, soaked to the skin, utterly dispirited and, though I was a young and vigorous man, tired as a beaten dog.

My supper that night was scanty. I had not even the heart to heat myself a mug of cocoa. After a mouthful of bread and cheese I flung myself into bed, bone-weary, praying that I would not be disturbed. I fell into a heavy sleep.

The faint whirring of a bell half-awakened me. On and on it went, so damnably insistent that it would not let me be. Still dazed with sleep, I fumbled in the darkness and took up the telephone receiver beside my bed. A woman's voice spoke instantly, but from a far way off

"Come at once, doctor. Come to Evan Evans' house by Ystfad."

I groaned.

"I can't possibly get up to Ystfad to-night."

"But you must come to-night, doctor, please."

"Who are you?"

"I am Evan Evans' wife. And my daughter is very bad."

"I'll come in the morning, I tell you."

"Oh, no, indeed, you must come now. For God's sake, doctor, you must come now."

I COULD have sworn aloud. But against my own inclination, the pleading, the pitiful urgency of the voice persuaded me.

I dropped the receiver, lay for a moment collecting my scattered wits, then I rose, tumbled into my damp clothes and picked up my bag.

Outside the rain had ceased, but the wind was high and bitterly cold, driving dark scuds of cloud across an icy moon.

The mountains rose in wild and haggard majesty upon a scene so starkly desolate that instinctively I shivered and drew my scarf about me. I knew, at least I thought I knew, what lay before me—a five-mile walk to Ystfad, which stood halfway up the ridge of Penpentre, the highest peak in that rugged chain.

After a journey which seemed unending I reached the lonely house at last. Large and rambling, adjoined by a huddle of outbuildings and surrounded by a belt of stunted birches, it was, whatever its history in better times, now a gloomy and dilapidated barracks.

Not a glimmer of light was visible as I trudged up the narrow path between the trees and no sound broke the universal stillness but the remote hooting of an owl.

I pulled the bell. There was no answer. I stood for a moment, listening, and hearing nothing but that distant, mocking owl, then with a sudden rush of angry impatience I took my foot and battered against the heavy door.

Immediately there arose a furious barking of dogs, and after a long delay the door was opened by an oldish woman in a dingy black dress and shawl.

While she peered at me with a frightened, hooded face that seemed as heavy, and as pale—by the lantern she held—as a bladder of lard, two hounds skulked about her heels showing their teeth and growling at me.

Furious by now at such a churlish reception, I pushed past her brusquely, through the hall and into a large stone-flagged room, barely furnished and badly lit, that seemed half kitchen and half parlour.

Here my eyes fell at once upon a young girl who lay, wrapped in blankets, upon a horsehair sofa beside the fire, in a state which I immediately surmised as coma. Beside her, bowed in an attitude of heavy watchfulness, sat a powerful, thickset man.

HIS physique was, in fact, tremendous—six feet six he must have stood when his massive frame was raised erect—and he had enormous shoulders like a bull's.

He was in his shirt-sleeves, wore rough grey knickerbockers and no shoes, and his air of general disorder was heightened almost to the uncouth by a mane of iron-grey hair which fell in tangles about his head. He might have been fifty-five years of age. He was Evan Evans without a doubt.

So intent was his scrutiny of the unconscious girl he did not hear me enter, but as I heaved my bag upon the table he swung round with alarming suddenness, his eyes burning in his dark face with such wildness that I was fairly taken aback.

"What do you want?"

He spoke thickly, with a husky intonation, and I thought at first he was drunk. I answered conventionally, with as much moderation as I could muster.

"I'm the doctor. If you step aside I'll have a look at the patient. She looks pretty bad."

"Doctor!" he repeated the word with a kind of brooding wonder. Then the blood flooded his brow. Though he did not raise his voice, an indescribable menace filled it. "I won't have any doctors here. I won't have anybody here. Get out! D'you hear me? Get out!"

I am no hero and make no pretensions to bravado, but though his manner was formidable in the extreme, a sense of real indignation sustained me. I thought of my readiness to answer this call, my weary walk through the wintry darkness, and this boorish treatment at the end of it. I said hotly:

"You're crazy to talk like that. That girl is gravely ill. You've only got to

(Continued on page 26)

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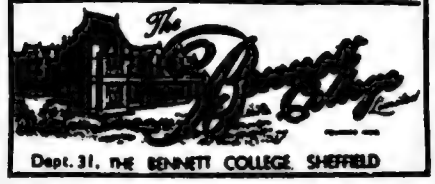

Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE SHEFFIELD

Who Called the Doctor?

(*Continued from page 24*)

look at her to see it. In the name of heaven let me try and help her."

He winced when I said that and darted towards the sofa a furtive glance in which there was fear.

"I don't trust doctors," he muttered sullenly. "Not for my daughter. I don't trust anyone."

Silence in that strange and barren room. What was there to be done? I glanced towards the woman who stood in mortal terror by the doorway, her hands clasped weakly upon her breast.

I presumed that she had shot her bolt in summoning me against her lord and master's will.

No further help could be expected there. Only one course seemed likely to succeed. With a set face I moved to the table and picked up my bag in the pretence of leaving.

"Very well. If your daughter dies, you know who is responsible."

For a moment he remained motionless, clenching and unclenching his fingers, his cheek twitching indecisively, his eyes glaring at me from under his matted brows, filled with the conflict between his hatred and his fear.

WHEN my hand was almost on the door, with a sobbing breath that seemed torn from his great chest, he cried:

"Don't go! If she's bad like you say . . . you better look at her."

I came back slowly and, advancing to the sofa, knelt down and examined the patient. She was older than I had imagined, about eighteen years, and, despite the coma which held her, there was in her slender immaturity a strange, uncared-for beauty.

A sudden pity seized me. She was so helpless here in such surroundings thrown on the mercy of such incompetent parents. She moaned when I moved her gently.

Her skin was burning to the touch. I was puzzled as to the cause of the infection. And then I saw the faint but dusky swelling behind her left ear—acute suppurative mastoiditis. My heart sank. When I had made quite sure, I turned to Evans:

"This is serious—desperately serious. You ought to have sent for me days ago."

"It is only a blast," he muttered, using the local idiom for inflammation. "We have used goose-grease and bran poultices. I am after fetching leeches to-morrow from the lake of Penpeoch. She will be better then."

"She will be dead then."

HIS jaw dropped and his gaunt cheeks turned bone-white. He stood before me like a man paralysed. The woman, glancing from my face to his, wrung her hands together and set up a wild wailing in Welsh.

"Look here, Evans," I spoke vehemently in my effort to convince him. "You must understand me. There's an abscess in this left mastoid bone. Unless it is opened up and drained it will break through the skull into the brain. You know what that means. If we don't do something at once your daughter has about six hours to live."

He reached out to the wall as if for support. His great frame seemed to shrink into itself. His eyes never left my face. At last he moistened his lips.

"Is that the truth?"

"What earthly reason have I got for lying?"

A short silence. I saw his jaw clench with a sudden and painful spasm.

"Do it then." He paused. "She must get better."

He said no more, yet the glitter in his eyes, which remained fastened on me, was unmistakable and ominous. I saw his delusion—that the hand of every man was turned against him.

He was trusting me against his will because necessity and fear compelled him. And, at a sudden thought, a thrill of apprehension shot through me. I had persuaded him to let me operate. What would happen if I failed?

But there was no time to dwell on this reflection, and not a second to lose. I opened my bag, laid out my instruments and dressings, prepared two basins of carbolic solution, then between us we lifted the patient on to the bare wooden table.

She was a slight burden, and as we moved her head slipped weakly upon my shoulder. In spite of myself, I was deeply moved. Quickly I placed the mask saturated with ether over her face.

The pungent odour of the anæsthetic rose into the smoky air. Four minutes later I summoned all my courage and picked up a lancet from the tray on which it lay.

The light, a flaring oil lamp, held by Evans, was atrocious, the conditions unimaginably bad; the operation, even under the most favourable circumstances, both delicate and dangerous.

Though in hospital I had done a fair amount of routine work, I knew myself as an indifferent surgeon. I was too impatient, sometimes too timid and at others far too rash.

And now I realised that I had to make only one tiny slip, one single error of judgment, and I was through—fatally through into the lateral sinus of the brain. I trembled inwardly as that first incision slit up the puffy skin behind the ear.

All that I had seen the great Mac-Ewen do, so skilfully and delicately, in the theatre, when I had been his house surgeon, all that I had read in text-books and treatises, evaded me in this moment of need.

I WORKED by a kind of instinct, feeling my way blindly, and through it all painfully conscious that the wild eyes of Evan Evans were bent upon me. I was down to the bone now, the delicate bone of the skull.

With a small gouge I cut into the antrum. The bone offered more resistance than I had expected. Was there no focus after all? Had I made some horrible, some fatal error of judgment?

A cold sweat broke over me. Slowly, but with increasing despair, I went deeper, and deeper still. And then, when I felt I must surely pierce into the very brain itself, I reached the seat of the trouble.

I carefully scraped the cavity, washed it with antiseptic, packed it with iodoform gauze. Quickly, quickly, I finished the work.

Five more minutes and the patient was back upon her improvised bed, breathing quietly and deeply, as if asleep. For a full hour I did not leave her side.

Twice I took her temperature. In that short space it fell a full point and a half. Her pulse was stronger, too, and a better colour tinged her skin.

I was convinced that with her healthy young constitution free of the morbid centre of infection she would soon recover.

I got up at last and packed my bag, filled with that sense of achievement which comes on rare occasions to the long-suffering general practitioner.

It is the odd feeling of having justified oneself, of having succeeded against odds, and perhaps a sentimental notion of having helped humanity. Certainly it is an emotion which makes a doctor's life seem well worth while.

All this time I had neither glanced at Evans nor spoken to him. He had given me a nasty shake that night which I would not easily forget, and it was, I suppose, the chance to get my own back that made me keep him severely in his place.

But now I threw a look at him. He stood by the table where, during the past hour, he had remained immobile and inarticulate, watching me as I sat by the patient's bed.

I noted that the sullenness was gone from his dark face, which now wore a singular embarrassment. I said briefly and with a grim triumph: "She'll do now." He did not answer for a minute, then he stammered:

"Yes, indeed . . . she does look better."

I could see that he was swept by a terrible emotion—torn between gratitude for what I had done for him and that rooted hatred and distrust of his fellow-men.

GERALD BULLETT
Writes Next Week's True Story

And somehow at the sight of him there, with his great dangling hands and his troubled brow, my anger died and I felt a rush of pity—he was so simple, and so transparently affected by the prospect of his daughter's speedy recovery.

Hastily I averted my gaze, and to ease the situation I nodded towards the woman of the house, who had at that moment slipped towards the bed to take up the place I had vacated. As I observed her movements I said with a new sympathy:

"ONE thing you mustn't forget. We owe it to your wife for asking me to come."

His sombre eyes followed mine in complete bewilderment. He muttered with a shake of his head:

"I do not understand. That is Gwynneth, our servant." He added: "She can't speak English—only Welsh."

"But, man alive," I expostulated. "Don't you know that's how I got the call. She telephoned me to come here."

He gazed at me wonderingly.

"There is no telephone for miles."

One glance at his eyes convinced me that he spoke the truth. My head reeled. I faced him dizzily. I gasped:

"Good God, man, don't you realise that your wife begged me to make this call. Telephone or no telephone, she spoke to me this very night. Do you hear me? I asked her who she was. She told me plainly that she was your wife."

He flushed darkly and, towering above me, raised his clenched fist passionately. I thought, for all his gratitude, he was about to fell me to the ground. Then with a great effort he mastered himself. He said hoarsely: "My wife died in this room five years ago."

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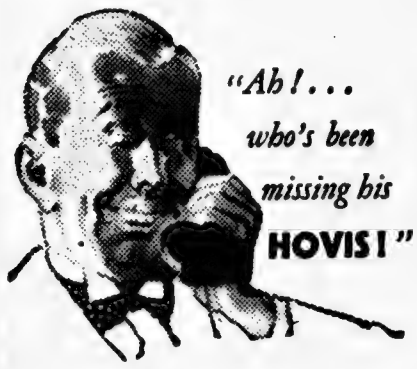

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A MOTHER'S SECRET DILEMMA

A woman who pleads with a doctor not to tell her family of her dread illness certainly shows courage, but she is not doing her duty by them—they should be taken into her confidence

ONE of the most poignant letters I have ever read has just reached me from a woman reader. She tells me that she is forty years old, and is suffering from what she knows to be an incurable malady. The letter goes on:

My life has been dedicated to the three I love—my husband and my two school-girl daughters—and my one desire has been to save them all the worry and pain I can. Now a great blow has fallen on me.

A few months ago I started to suffer acute pain and went to Edinburgh to consult a specialist. In mortal fear of what it might be and because I did not wish my family to know, I gave the doctor a false name and address.

After a prolonged examination he asked me gently for my husband's telephone number. I felt my heart stop, and then confessed what I had done. I told him that I was not a coward and asked him to tell me everything. Very tenderly he told me there was nothing that could be done for me.

Like a flash I saw it all, because when I was a girl my own mother died from this terrible thing and I remembered all that she suffered. But I also remembered my two sweet daughters and my husband and what I owed to them for years of trust and love. I there and then made up my mind that I would not blot their last remembrances of me with memories of pain.

The doctor tried again to find out who I was. He argued that my loved ones might reproach me for not letting them try to help me through it all. But I thanked him and returned home resolved to grapple as best I could silently with the pain and try, and, God willing, succeed, in appearing my usual calm and happy self in front of my three loved ones.

I am going to put this question to my correspondent. Supposing her husband had been faced with such a problem, would she like to be kept in ignorance of the facts? Would she not rather be taken into his confidence so that together they could face all that is involved.

AND so while I think there is no need to tell her children—at least, not yet—I feel her husband would be terribly pained should he find that he has been kept in the dark.

There is this further point. I gather that only one doctor has been consulted. Now, medical men—even those with the highest qualifications—sometimes make mistakes. I advise, therefore, that another opinion should be obtained.

Here is another woman who wants to sacrifice herself for her loved ones—but under entirely different circumstances. She tells me that twelve years ago, when she was in service, she married the son of her employers. Her letter continues:

His people never forgave me, and during the last five years we have had a terrible time owing to long spells of unemployment. My husband is again out of work and his parents have said that they are willing to take him and our three boys into their home, but I am not included.

I love my husband and children dearly, but I feel I am dragging them down. I can't bear to see them suffer for want of food and clothes, and I am seriously thinking of running away to find work. Then they would be able to go to his people and would at least be cared for and well fed. It would nearly break my heart to leave them, but if it is my duty I must do it.

My correspondent talks about her duty. A good home, of course, means a great deal to children. But a good mother means far more. There is nobody who can take her place.

Then think of the position of that husband. How could he accept favours from his parents, remembering how they had treated his wife? Twelve years ago he won the love of this woman and he has kept it ever since. I am convinced that he would prefer to have her with him even in poverty than accept a good home without her.

I think my correspondent should discuss the whole question with her husband. The problem, of course, will be solved when he is fortunate enough to find other work. In the meantime he might tell his parents that he refuses their invitation unless his wife can be included in it.

That attitude may make them relent. If not, there still remains another possibility. My correspondent speaks of "running away to find work." Why should she not find work without running away?

In that event her husband would be able to keep things going in the home until better days return.

My next correspondent is a widow, and she, too, is faced with a terrible problem. She tells me:

I was left with three boys; two of them are in an orphanage and the baby is only two years old. He is not a strong child as his daddy died of tuberculosis. As I receive no pension I have to go out to work, and my hours are from nine in the morning till nine at night.

I ARRANGED for some people to look after baby, but I could not manage to keep up the payments. Then a lady and her husband said they would give him a home, as they both love children and can never have any of their own. I agreed to let him go to them, but now they don't want me to see him, and have asked me to sign some papers which will give him to them for good.

My boys don't want their baby Arthur to be taken away for ever, nor can I bear the idea. Yet I know that these people have spent a lot of money on him, and that he will have a better home with them than I could ever give him. I have no parents myself, and I should be grateful if you will tell me what is the right and best thing to do.

My correspondent is passing through a hard time, but I am sure there is a brighter future in store for her. She does not tell me the age of her two other boys. In a few years, however, they should be working and able to help their mother. Then she would not have to toil so hard and it should be possible for her and her family to make a little home.

FEELING as she does, I am sure it would be unwise for her to sign away her right to her baby. I suggest that she should see those kind folk who are now looking after him and tell them exactly how she feels about things. If out of their affection for him and their love for children they will continue to look after him for a few years as at first arranged, well and good. If not, and as she cannot afford to pay foster-parents, she might see if there is a crèche near by where the child could be left while she is at work.

Should that be impracticable, I think it would be better to let the baby go into an orphanage. There she could at least see him from time to time.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Human Documents—by Philip Inman

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

MERCURY AND HERALD, KETTERING:—"—— was boxing strongly and appeared to be gaining the mastery when his seconds threw in the TOWN."

WESTON MERCURY AND SOMERSETSHIRE HERALD:—". . . the hearing of a summons against Mrs. ——— for obstructing the highway WITHOUT a car on . . ."

SUNDERLAND ECHO: — ". . . unfortunately records are not available for every year. Those preserved show that the *Kelso* came from KING KONG in 1864 in 121 days."

IRELAND'S SATURDAY NIGHT:—"Before the close ——— got through for a second FOUL . . ."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—". . . she bequeathed the MOLE of the estate . . ."

You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

If any boy like little Jack Horner had a packet of Rowntree's Gums or Pastilles he'd not only pull out a plum but juicy strawberry, raspberry, gooseberry—lime and lemon—tangerine—apricot and blackcurrant flavours. And then—what a good boy he'd be!

Try them between smokes!

DON'T FORGET! Rowntree's Fruit Clear Gums (*Hard*) and Fruit Pastilles (*Medium*) are sold loose 6d. per ½ lb.; in packets, 2d., 3d. and 6d. Juicy-Fruits (*Soft*) 6d. per ½ lb.; in packets, 6d.

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BEEF in BRIEF

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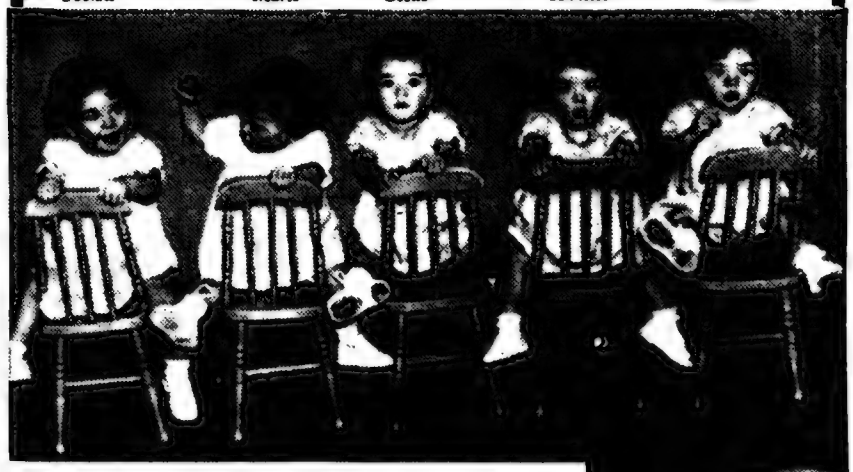
The famous Dionne "Quins" month by month, week by week, *day by day* are growing into fine, bonny little girls. And *day by day* the specialists choice of breakfast for all five is QUAKER OATS—*the same Quaker Oats your grocer sells!*

Yvonne *Marie* *Cecile* *Annette* *Emilie*



Vitamin B in Quaker Oats promotes good appetite, healthy nerves and system!

Doctors warn mothers against shortage of Vitamin B in children's diets! Lack of this precious Vitamin B results in nervousness, constipation, loss of appetite. Quaker Oats is wonderfully rich in this precious vitamin. **The Dionne "Quins" have it every day!**

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No relief until he tried the daily dose of Kruschen Salts

This man had a violent attack of rheumatism. He tried all sorts of remedies and nothing did him any good. Finally, his brother-in-law told him to start Kruschen. He did. Now he says: 'The pain disappeared as though it had been massaged away.' Read his letter:—

'About two years ago I developed a violent attack of rheumatism. It was particularly painful when stooping over to write, etc. I tried all sorts of remedies, until one day my brother-in-law on hearing of my suffering exclaimed: "There is only one thing to rid you of your rheumatism! That is—Kruschen Salts." I decided to purchase a bottle, and took it in a glass of hot water every morning, immediately on rising. The pain gradually disappeared as though it had been massaged away, and has now gone entirely.'

J. G. B., Weston-super-Mare. January 19th, 1936.

Kruschen will dissolve away those knife-edged crystals of uric acid which are the cause of all rheumatic trouble. It will also flush those dissolved crystals clean out of your system. Your inside will be so regular, so free from stagnating waste matter, that no such poisons as uric acid will ever get a chance to accumulate again.

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Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle to-day.

£50 A WEEK MUST BE WON

Every week for 6 weeks until April 11th someone is going to be lucky and win this nice round sum. Why not you? There are also prizes of £25, £10 and a thousand other handsome prizes EVERY WEEK in Potter & Moore's Beauty Contest.

All you have to do is to send your photograph with your name, address, and age written on the back and a phrase not exceeding 15 words stating why Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream is best to Beauty Editress, "Daily Mirror," 14, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. (Comp). But you must also enclose one little coloured disc—that's most important. Any chemist, hairdresser, or store will give you a disc free with every jar of Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream you buy.

Potter & Moore's BEAUTY CONTEST

The next weekly contest opens Sunday next, March 8th, and closes Saturday, March 14th. All photographs (with discs) received up to March 14th will be judged in that week's contest, and the results published in the "Daily Mirror," March 21st.

The Judges are Jessie Matthews and the "Daily Mirror" Beauty Editress.

There is no limit to the number of times you can enter. But photographs can only be returned if you send a stamped addressed envelope.

'All Change' at the MINT

New coins tumbling out after washing at the Mint. Our new King has his own ideas on design, and the big change-over will soon be made

THE Royal Mint has a big secret. It knows the King's wishes as to the new coinage that is to bear his effigy.

His Majesty outlined them in detail the other day to Sir Robert Johnson, the new Deputy-Master of the Mint, and together they examined them one by one from the point of view of the problems involved.

Many of the suggestions are bound to be adopted, for first regard is always given to the wishes of the Sovereign himself. When, for instance, the late King said: "Make the V bold. It would be awful to be taken for any of the other four Georges!" he was promised at once that that should be done.

The others will be subjected to weeks of examination by art and technical experts—and then the twelve months' job of changing the coinage will begin.

AND all the time the chattering presses of the Royal Mint will be pouring out daily two hundred thousand coins which, for all their bright newness, will be out of date from the very start.

Twelve months to change less than a dozen designs. It seems incredible until you know the pitfalls and problems. No wonder there hasn't been a case on record in the last hundred years of two different monarchs appearing on the coin issue of one particular year.

Will each denomination, despite the change of design, weigh exactly the same as its predecessor? That is very important to banks. And will the maximum thickness be the same? If not, hundreds of thousands of automatic machines, including those of the Post Office, might be rendered useless.

Will the impressions wear well? The only way to find out is to submit specimens to abrasion that produces a year of wear in a few minutes.

Let us see how the Royal Mint will fill in its time between now and the early summer of next year, when it hopes to make the new issue.

First of all, the King's suggestions will go before the Mint's own Advisory Committee on Coinage, which is representative of the arts, technical manufacture, heraldry—and has one representative of the King among its members.

What are they likely to decide? Don't be surprised if it is something surprising. The policy of the Royal Mint of late has been to give youth a chance on that committee. There are artists on it whose tastes are definitely for something more modern and in tune with modern thought.

For instance, it is not unlikely that a new Britannia will be found, and got to pose in an entirely different way. There is an almost general opinion among art experts that the old Duchess of Portsmouth, who was chosen to be Britannia because of her friendship with Charles II, has had far too long an innings. She has already adorned something like thirty thousand *million* coins.

Then, will the elusive threepenny-bit disappear? It is known that the King, who once described it as a nuisance, would prefer to see a larger coin of that denomination, perhaps in nickel.

But there are difficulties in the way of every currency reform, and there are people on that committee who will point them out.

To begin with, the Royal Mint likes denominations to be standardised as much as possible throughout the Empire. And Southern Rhodesia regards threepenny-bits as very necessary coins, because the natives find the smelting of copper coins a cheap way of making their own trinkets.

Certainly the committee will agree to give us a prettier coinage, for we were told in the House of Commons four years ago that only the cost stood in the way. Now that the designs have got to be changed, prettiness will not cost a farthing more—the Royal Mint will still go on making £448 worth of pennies out of £35 worth of bronze!

And don't be surprised if the King's ancient Scottish crest appears on at least one denomination. The St. Andrew's Society, always anxious to secure recognition for Scotland, has been seeking this innovation.

It is certain that any great change, especially towards modernisation, will be strongly resisted. There was fighting over one improvement carried out in 1887. If the die-hards had always had their way we should still be using thick, heavy coins made of copper instead of bronze.

BETTER if they had fought to preserve some of the beautiful names applied to our coinage, such as nobles, rose nobles, angel nobles, angels, rose royals and laurels.

Anyhow, there is one change that the committee will be compelled by custom to make. The head of King George V faced left—therefore the new King will have to be looking right. The profile is always turned with each reign.

The superstitious will be glad, for monarchs who have looked right, Edward VII and William IV among them, have enjoyed reigns untroubled by wars or serious national crises.

Many more things the committee will have to decide, and then, issuing a list of its requirements to selected artists, it will invite them to submit drawings.

For certain, Mr. Kruger Gray will be one of them. You will see his initials in tiny letters on the newest silver coins. Many people mistakenly regard them as meaning King George, just as the initials B.M. (the late Sir Bertram Mackennal, R.A.) on the Edward VII coins were taken to mean Birmingham Mint!

And another obvious choice is Mr. Percy Metcalfe, who looks like getting the reputation of being the Mint's travelling sculptor. He went to Baghdad to model the new King of Iraq, and to Turkey to do the bust of Kemal Ataturk, all in the space of three months of last year.

There will be some very young and almost unheard of sculptors among those invited to take part in these early tests. It might well be that some struggling artist will win the right to put his initials on the coins of King Edward VIII.

And then the committee will sit again—in judgment on the drawings submitted. Three or four artists will be picked out to submit carved models of the proposed coins.

AND so, at last, the final choice will be made, the King's wishes being respected throughout all the various conferences. Casts will become dies, and the work of making the coins—specimen coins—not those for issue—will begin.

Weeks and weeks of tests of such coins, probably some radical changes in the work of the artist to meet technical difficulties, and at last will come the day when the fast presses will start to turn out the new coins as fast as the banks ask for them.

The dies bearing the head of the late King will be put away in a safe place with those of other monarchs of the past. Eager voices will ask for a time: "Have you got the new currency, please?" Novelty will die.

All too soon we shall be gathering the new coins up by the handful—merely to see that we have the right change, if we notice them at all.

"THE HANDY MAN"

Send at once for JOHN BULL's mammoth Presentation, "The Handy Man and Home Mechanic." Well worth a guinea, it can be yours for 2s. 9d., *plus* 1s., *which includes the cost of carriage, packing and insurance, etc.*

It has 672 pages and over 800 "how-to-do-it" drawings, diagrams and photographs. The edition is limited—turn to pages 4 and 5 and reserve your copy of the wonder book of the home to-day.

Make lighter, more digestible cakes

Here's the secret—use plain flour and Borwick's Baking Powder—the best "raising" in the world. Very little amount of baking powder for the different things you cook. Add it at the time of mixing. Borwick's saves eggs, saves butter. Good cooks use Borwick's.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

for HOARSENESS

Ingredients of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in the form of a sweet.

VICK LOZENGES 6d

"'CANTILEVER PRESSURE' THEY SAY! A GOOD JOB OF WORK IS WHAT THEY MEAN."

"'Cantilever pressure'! Something like the Forth Bridge, the man in the Showroom said. This is how *I* found out. I wanted to know whether an Acme could do a full family wash—including the blankets—without leaving me fagged out. Now I know. It *does* take blankets. It *is* easy to turn. It *does* store easily out of the way. And it does *not* squeeze the middle and leave the edges wet—that's 'cantilever pressure'! With the ACME I've got a first-class wringer-mangle which does all I ask of it in half the time, and when it isn't wanted it goes to bed out of the way in the kitchen cupboard."

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16 INCH 43/- 14 INCH 39/-

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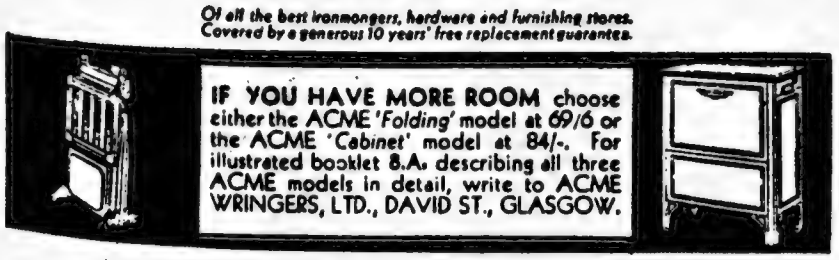
Of all the best ironmongers, hardware and furnishing stores. Covered by a generous 10 years' free replacement guarantee.



IF YOU HAVE MORE ROOM choose either the ACME *'Folding'* model at 69/6 or the ACME *'Cabinet'* model at 84/-. For illustrated booklet B.A. describing all three ACME models in detail, write to ACME WRINGERS, LTD., DAVID ST., GLASGOW.

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PLUS *SATISFYING* DURABILITY

It is not enough to choose an Easy Chair for its comfort, beauty and low price. You must make certain that the inner construction of the chair and the materials and workmanship are of the quality to give you the durability that brings lasting satisfaction. That is where the New Berkeley Superlax scores. It is a triumph of the upholsterer's art . . . made from the very best of materials . . . will give you many years of luxurious comfort. Designed to suit everyone, tall or short, and with its patented automatic action, you can have any position from upright to lounging, without making adjustment or leaving the chair.

SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat and Arms ALL-HAIR STUFFED. Beautiful and durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors.

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Sold under our usual guarantee of money-back if not satisfied within seven days. **DELIVERED FREE in England, Wales and Scotland.**

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THE NEW Berkeley SUPERLAX

THE EASY CHAIR THAT ADJUSTS ITSELF

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(Dept. J.B.)
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When you run a John England Trust Club, you and your members will get far more use from it than from any other Club, for John England is the only club where all will receive goods on the first payment.

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Don't waste your time with a "weekly waiting" club—there is no need to wait 20 weeks for your goods—and you only require as few as five 1/- shares to commence.

High quality goods, saving you 5/- in the £, are only supplied, and very generous terms of commission are paid to Clubholders.

Write today for full particulars—there are members waiting in your neighbourhood to join a John England Trust Club right away.

NO DRAWING FOR CHANCES
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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

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FOR FULL INFORMATION FILL IN THE COUPON AND SEND IT TO THIS ADDRESS. (PLEASE WRITE IN PENCIL) AND POST IN UNSEALED ½d. ENVELOPE.

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Corns positively ended!

No need to suffer any more!

THE most agonising and obstinate corns can be quickly and completely removed by a 'Reudel' Salts foot-bath. The two-fold action of 'Reudel' rarely fails. The active oxygen released by 'Reudel' Salts enters the pores and carries special corn-softening salts down to the root, which is soon loosened so that it comes right out. *Thousands have proved this the quickest, surest way of ending corns.* Try it yourself and end the misery of corns without delay—ask plainly for 'Reudel' and remember "it's the *yellow* pack gives corns the sack."

The 'business' end of a corn is the root. It is no good cutting the top.

'Reudel' oxygenated water enters the pores with special salts.

Painless extraction because roots are loosened by 'Reudel'.

REUDEL BATH SALTS

(Say ROO-DEL)

Only in YELLOW packets

1/6—large size 2/6.

It's not your HEAD —it's your STOMACH

If you are a martyr to cruel headaches and nervous depression, don't be content with "first-aid" methods which, though good as emergency measures, cannot be expected to give more than temporary relief. They do not get to the *cause* of your trouble, which more often than not is stomach disorder. Any doctor will confirm this, and you can easily prove it for yourself by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This remarkable stomach corrective goes straight to the most frequent cause of headaches, depression and general ill-health by instantly neutralising the sour stomach acids and toxins which are poisoning your system and irritating your nerves. Headaches, lassitude and low spirits vanish. You sleep well and wake fresh, eager for breakfast and in fine fettle for the day's work or pleasure. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is obtainable from all chemists for 1/3 (the new trial size costs only 6d. for 24 tablets) — get some to-day and banish those headaches which arise from unsuspected stomach trouble.

'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

IT was in 1928 that the decision was made to give the Houses of Parliament a clean face. And it will be another five years before the work of cleaning and refurbishing the exterior of the great building is completed.

This renovation, which has been slowly proceeding for the last seven years, constitutes one of the most remarkable feats of restoration in modern history.

The Houses of Parliament is perhaps the largest building in Gothic style in the world. It has a frontage on the river of approximately a thousand feet. The Victoria Tower is one of the most ambitious structures of its kind in Europe.

But a matter of ten years ago the whole outside fabric was crumbling to pieces. In places the stonework had been so eaten away as to be actually dangerous. From many walls it was possible to peal off scales of rotten stone—stone that had failed to stand up against the London atmosphere and climate. Close investigation revealed that many of the graceful pinnacles and statues almost withered into powder when touched.

One begins to get an idea of the stupendous nature of the task of restoring the fabric by realising that in repairing the damaged portions of Big Ben alone it was found necessary to introduce a matter of 9,000 cubic feet of new stone—or approximately 500 tons.

The great work of completely restoring the tall walls of the clock tower is now completed, but it took from the middle of 1933 to the end of 1935—two and a half years.

The last pieces of scaffolding are now being taken away in readiness to be used in another part of the building, probably the Victoria Tower.

Altogether 466,000 cubic feet of this stone was brought to Westminster to build the outer walls.

Nearly all the repair work in the present restoration is being effected with stone from the Clipsham quarries in Rutland

This stone was selected by the experts of the Office of Works as being the most suitable.

Although the work for the most part has been put out to contract, it is this Government department which makes all decisions. It specifies the nature of materials to be used, it supplies designs for all stonework which has to be replaced, it gives instruction which stone is to be left intact and which stone removed.

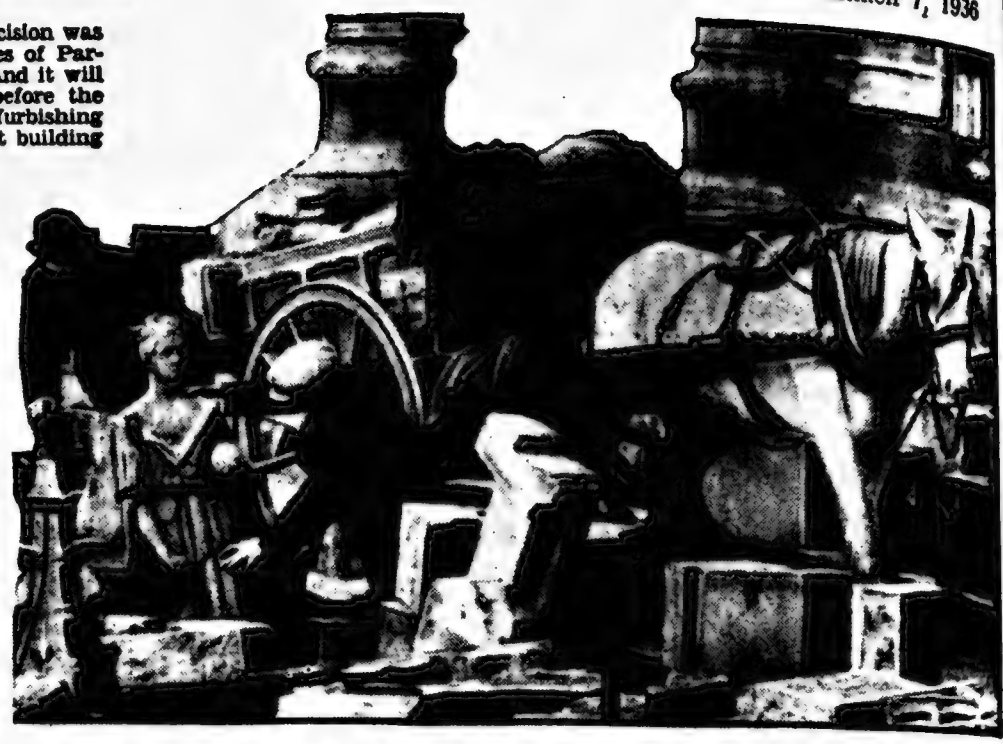
Ever since the work began, the utmost accuracy has been insisted on. Even in the topmost towers and pinnacles where replacement has been found necessary, exact copies of the original design have been made.

If a new fragment has been delivered which shows the slightest deviation from the original, then it has been rejected.

Thus when in 1940 the renovations are complete, the Houses of Parliament will be an exact replica of what they were when the building was handed over to the authorities by Sir Charles Barry in the middle of the last century.

This task of restoring the Houses of Parliament has been no case of replacing ordinary stonework and repointing brickwork. The very design of the building with its thousands of statues, mullions, corbels and the like, makes replacement very complicated in that each new stone has to be carved or shaped to fit into the place where the fabric has rotted.

In a workshop off the Wandsworth-road, twenty or thirty master masons have been at work for years patiently chiselling huge chunks of Clipsham stone into the exact shape to enable them to fit into the condemned part of the Palace of Westminster. There they work at these great masses of rock, each piece perched on a rough bench known in the trade as a "banker."



Carting away some of the century-old carvings from the Houses of Parliament, to be copied and replaced

Clean Face for PARLIAMENT

Engineering feat

These men, who only earn about seventy shillings a week although they are master craftsmen and artists in their own way, have to re-create the original Barry designs for pillars and pinnacles, mullions and oriels. Each man has his own particular set of moulds and templets—the designs from which he actually executes the mouldings

There have been times when the various contractors have employed as many as 160 men in what is called "the yard and on the job," that is, men working in the various courtyards among the masonry and cement and men actually working on the scaffolding.

Besides this there has always been a nucleus of workmen from the Office of Works—including twelve master carvers for the job of replacing statues and carvings that had been ruined by the weather and the crumbling of the stone.

The erection of scaffolding to the top of the towers has been an engineering feat in itself.

It took months to build a scaffolding to the top of Big Ben, for the work of restoration had to be carried on in the perilous heights above the great clock.

Bigger than Ben!

But even this feat will shortly be surpassed when work is begun on the Victoria Tower. Big Ben is a matter of a mere 320 feet high. The Victoria Tower to the top of the vane is 420 feet.

Each part of the work has been put out to tender. No one knows yet who will get the contract for the big task of restoring the Victoria Tower. It will be the biggest job of all.

But the Treasury has insisted that the whole job of giving the Houses of Parliament a new, clean face shall not exceed the sum of £750,000. And of this a goodly portion has already been spent.

"The Greatest of These—"

BROKEN TO PIECES

KEN, aged twelve years, is the eldest of six children. The baby is two years old. Bad luck descended on the family in July, 1934, when Ken's father met with an accident at work. The scaffolding on which he was standing collapsed. An iron casement window frame fell on him.

Ken

His compensation of 23s. 9d. a week was reduced in 1935 to 11s. 10d.

Still suffering, he started work again last May, but had to give up. In November, his compensation pay ceased. About a month ago Ken's mother died suddenly from acute heart failure. Her husband writes: "She has had eighteen months of worry which must have helped to hasten her death."

Owing to their hard times, the insurance policy had lapsed, and Ken's dad has been selling the contents of his home to meet the funeral expenses. A married sister, whose husband is on the "dole," looks after some of the children.

* * *

We appeal to our readers to piece together some of the broken fragments of his home by sending donations earmarked "Ken," which, as also in the case of subscriptions for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

FREE GIFT OF A CANTEEN OF CUTLERY.

HERE is one of the most stupendous offers of the year . . . a Canteen of Cutlery containing 50 pieces of stainless nickel silver and stainless steel cutlery in handsome Jacobean Oak finish case. The contents include table spoons, coffee spoons, dessert spoons, dessert forks, mustard spoons, dessert knives, table knives, etc., etc. This is offered free with each Suite of Furniture purchased from James Broderick, whose announcement appears on page 12. The first step is to fill in the coupon for illustrated Catalogue and post to the London Headquarters—James Broderick & Co., 265/7, Regent Street, London, W.1.

CAPSTAN CIGARETTES 10 for 6d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 20 for 11½d.

'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN.
they're blended better
- they're Wills'

- as they say at cocktail parties

C.C.5008

You've only to ask!

The finest guaranteed rubber heels cost you no more than the effort of saying . .

"they must be Phillips"

HEELS

'Last the time of three'

WARNING! Look at your Shoes. If the Heels do not bear the name Phillips, they are not genuine Phillips. If you ordered Phillips send your shoes to us with the name and address of your Bootmen and we will fit genuine Phillips free of charge, and refund your postage.
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The Sign of HIGH CLASS SHOE REPAIR SERVICE

Buy them where you see this sign

Mrs. Goodsort AND... A STITCH IN TIME!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO GIVE JACK. I CAN'T AFFORD MUCH EITHER.
KNIT HIM A PULLOVER, MARY. THERE ARE SUCH PRETTY PATTERNS IN THE PAPERS THESE DAYS.
I'D LOVE TO, BUT JACK WON'T WEAR IT BECAUSE I CAN NEVER WASH IT PROPERLY.
I KNITTED MY HUBBY ONE LIKE THIS AND I'VE WASHED IT OFTEN—COME ON I'LL SHOW YOU.
NEXT WASHDAY
SEE THERE'S NO NEED TO RUB WITH RINSO, IT'S RUBBING MAKES WOOLLENS SHRINK. YOU START MAKING THAT PULLOVER, YOU'LL GET IT DONE IN TIME!
MY! I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT RINSO. OF COURSE THAT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.
MONTHS LATER
THAT PULLOVER'S DOING WELL, MARY. WARM TOO!
GLAD YOU LIKE IT JACK. IT STILL LOOKS SMART. MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE A FILM HERO!
LISTEN IN TO MRS. GOODSORT
Rinso does make all the difference. It has such a thick creamy lather, the dirt just rolls out. There's no need to rub and so shrink the wool. That's why Rinso is so wonderful for woollens. And there are no destructive chemicals in Rinso to fade washable colours. Use it for all your wash.
3½d., 6d. and 10d. a packet
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The most obstinate COUGHS yield to FAMEL

MERE palliatives do no real good—FAMEL SYRUP is what your cough needs. A few doses can be positively relied on to banish coughs, bronchitis, catarrh and other lung troubles. The secret of its almost miraculous power is that it enables the blood to absorb certain curative agents which previously could only be inhaled. Its advent revolutionised ideas on the treatment of coughs and more serious lung troubles.

FAMEL SYRUP drives out the infection from within—from its very root. But even that is not all: it also contains powerful tonics which stimulate the natural defensive forces of the bronchial system, and delicate sedatives which subdue the irritation brought on by coughing. Buy a bottle from your chemist to-day. FAMEL SYRUP is approved by Doctors, Nurses and Hospitals all over the world. Thousands of former sufferers have written grateful letters to tell of the relief FAMEL SYRUP has brought them.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS
—typical of Thousands

Distressing Cough Quite Cured

"My husband had a most distressing cough and could get no sleep at nights. *Since using Famel he is quite cured.* We tried lots of so called cures without any relief, Famel is worth its weight in gold."

—Mrs. A. B., Cheshire.

Result was instantaneous

"I have tried Famel for my catarrh and a very bad cold. *The result was instantaneous* and I was amazed at the amount of phlegm I got rid of and the clearing of breathing passages. I have since been able to breathe quite freely of a night time, and intend to get a regular supply."

—H. A. W., London, E.1.

"I am recommending the Famel Syrup to all I really can, as I have found this syrup the greatest of all cough remedies. It is worth double in price."

—(Mrs.) B., London

Cured Children's Cough

"I am pleased to say that Famel has cured my two children of persistent coughs of a month's standing, after I had tried several well-known remedies, all of which had failed. The children (aged 4 and 6) have also gained good appetites and their general health has improved. I am recommending it to all I know."

—(Mrs.) J. V., Welling.

FAMEL

[1/6 and 3/- triple quantity] Brand **SYRUP**

Sold by all Chemists

It goes to the ROOT of your COUGH

Distributors: Wilcox, Joseau & Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, N.W.2.

Pooh Bah OF THE Village

"WANTED for murder . . ."

Every policeman in the country joins in the search when Scotland Yard issues that most urgent of all orders.

Memorising the fugitive's features as circulated in the policeman's own daily newspaper, the "Gazette," the point-duty constable watches the pavements, the speed-cop gazes into passing cars, the man on the beat scrutinises the chance wayfarer, the plain-clothes detectives analyse the human flotsam and jetsam of the doss-houses and other night haunts.

Yet the most important mesh in the net has yet to be mentioned—the village policeman.

He and his thousands of colleagues you will find on the country lanes of the kingdom at dead o' night. Pictures of the wanted man, printed by their various police headquarters and folded away in their pockets, are their only guidance. Bicycles — motor-bicycles in the more progressive districts—are their steeds.

Their only link with the great national man-hunt is the telephone each has at home in his cottage-cum-police station, a telephone which the wife must answer in the absence of her husband at any hour of the night or day, at no cost to the ratepayers.

In many ways the village policemen as a class may be termed the backbone of the force.

Go through an average day with a village constable—and then take your hat off to them as a class.

Crime is a mere subsidiary to men who must know how foot-and-mouth disease first manifests itself, what to do if swine fever breaks out, how to tell whether the beetle brought along by Farmer Stiles in a match-box should be reported as the deadly Colorado variety or not, whether the lofty weeds in the meadow down by the mill are of the kind that the farmer must be compelled by law to eradicate, and a hundred other things of like nature.

THE alleged assault at the "Red Lion" must be investigated in between attending the sheep-dipping at Old Croft Farm and seeing whether No. 5, Gasworks Drive has been fumigated after the recent fever case.

And then old George Grouch, whose fence has been blown down by the wind, and who persists in regarding it as the work of mischievous boys, must be put off tactfully and politely until the cattle dealer up by the post office has had interpreted to him the latest local orders under the Diseases of Animals Act.

Our village constable must know all about fishing and other "rights," if there are streams or lakes or game preserves in his far-flung district. He must know the various close seasons as well, so that no gun or rod or net can make an illegal capture at a time when wild-life is being conserved.

There is gooseberry mildew and a score of other blights to keep him walking and wearing out boots he has to buy himself, with the help of an altogether inadequate allowance. And there is the French family just moved into the village, and which may know nothing about the need for reporting under the aliens legislation.

And there may be other special duties as well, if his village is a seaside resort, where it is illegal to remove sand, or shingle, or binding growths of vegetation, or anything that might make the foreshore less safe against the ravages of the sea, or if it has oyster beds in its vicinity, where poachers may steal in the night, or water-cress or anything else that has to be made safe against people and infections alike!

Crime must be a subsidiary to some extent . . . and yet it must be followed up just as quickly and efficiently as in the big towns.

Poaching, sheep-stealing, stack-firing, orchard raiding, the treading down of wheat fields, the wanton destruction of fences—the village policeman must have eyes and ears for all such things as these.

HE gets home intent on filling up the many forms he must send away—usually typed out on the most old-fashioned of typewriters—only to hear from that busy unpaid assistant, his wife, that a postal order is missing from the butcher's, that a bicycle has disappeared from outside the bank, that Mrs. Blowem's husband has been beating her once more, and that the most wicked boy in the village has been "at it again."

What chance for his visits to distant parts of his district (in leggings, because he knows what the marshes are like) and his "points," as he calls the operation of standing for a few minutes at every important crossing in the village, a reminder of the majesty of the law to all and sundry.

Yet they are duties that have got to be done—even if he is called to a bad accident at the cross-roads, and has to show himself a good first-aider.

There are family feuds in many villages still, although this is 20th Century Britain. Yes, even "lubbeling" still survives. . . .

You may not know it, but the mob law that is practised in America, and at which we raise our eyebrows in astonishment, is but a growth from this British custom of "lubbeling," which still smoulders, and flames up now and again in rural parts.

A man murders his wife on hearing of her affair with another man. A woman commits suicide because of her husband's intrigue with a widow. There is always one excuse for "lubbeling" a person who is innocent of any offence at law, but who is held morally guilty by the village of something that has brought distress to another.

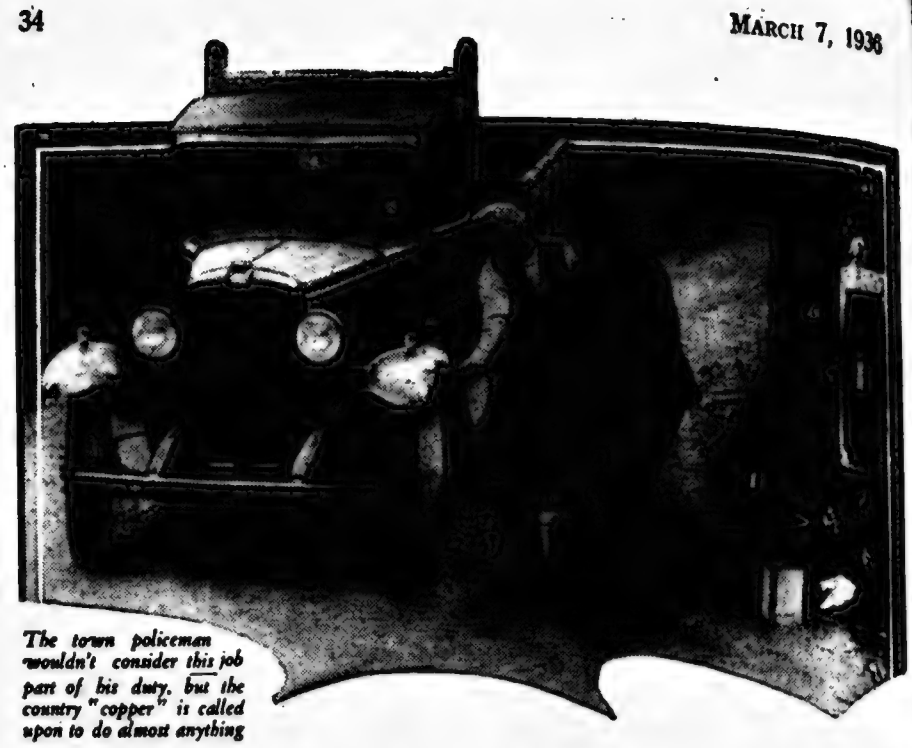
Then tin-cans are beaten round the house of the offender. Straw effigies of him or her may be burned. There may even be stones thrown, threats of personal violence.

THERE, amid all the din, the village constable must stand, striving all the time not to make the disturbance worse by any interference on his part, yet knowing all the laws regarding breaches of the peace and determined to make his presence felt as soon as the law has been broken—even though the heavens fall.

Think of him whenever you hear of any new Orders or regulations concerned with agriculture or country life. Picture him memorising them, swelling that vast store-house of legal information that is a village policeman's brain.

They'll mean more work for him, greater responsibility, a more harassing and complex existence—yes, and more calls on the time of "Mrs. P.c.," his unpaid and unofficial assistant.

Yet put an impersonation of him on any stage, anywhere. It will still raise a laugh!



The town policeman wouldn't consider this job part of his duty, but the country "copper" is called upon to do almost anything

Baby Clothes . . .

"THERE'S another pair of stockings on the line," ran an old music-hall song which made thousands smile at the joys and tribulations of parenthood, and which showed that hard work is entailed as well as supreme happiness when King Baby is enthroned.

Yes, even in homes that can afford to send baby's little clothes to the laundry a clothes-horse makes its appearance almost as soon as the Stork. Trust a mother to make sure. . . .

Such a woman is a Midlands mother, four years married, who put her clothes-horse before the kitchen fire recently. Tenderly she festooned on it the tiny clothes, bought at great sacrifice, that were the joy of her heart.

And when she returned from her other duties—what a tragic spectacle awaited her. The clothes-horse and its burden of pretty clothes just charred relics, the easy chair destroyed, and other treasured possessions ruined as well.

"A nasty shock," as she told JOHN BULL in a letter. Yet we saw to it that that happy home was soon lifted out of the slough of despond into which it had sunk.

The loss of their hard-won possessions was *our* loss because they had signed such a coupon as is reprinted on page 42, and which qualified them for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme.

"We shall now be able to refurnish our kitchen," they wrote us delightedly, acknowledging our cheque.

Strange that many people still put off that which confers such wonderful protection at no cost at all. Surely you are not one of them?

deKUYPER'S HEART LABEL HOLLANDS for HEALTH

McCLURE BRAND EPHEDRINE

NASAL CATARRH SPECIFIC ARRESTS A COLD IN THE HEAD IN 5 SECONDS

For your protection insist on McClure Brand, the genuine "Ma Huang" Ephedrine.

1/6 of all Chemists

McClure, Young & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, 96, Standard Road, London, N.W.10.

SOME are afraid to DRINK with their meals
OTHERS are afraid
to EAT WITH THEIR MEALS!
TAKE JUST "TWO LITTLE "SWEETS" AFTER THE SWEETS AND
MOORLAND TABLETS
7½D
The Pleasant and most reliable Aid to Digestion
EAT DRINK & BE MERRY!

Moorland Tablets contain 15 ingredients, all necessary to relieve indigestion at once and gradually remove its cause.

Unsolicited testimonials from men and women of all ages testify to the wonderful relief Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give to sufferers from indigestion, flatulence, acidity ,heartburn and kindred troubles of the digestive organs.

Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like.

At all chemists: 7½d. in cardboard cartons (50 tablets), 1/3 airtight tins (110 tablets).

MOORLAND BRAND **INDIGESTION TABLETS**

FREE *Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin to:* W. B. Cartwright Ltd. (Dept. J.B.) Rawdon, Leeds. *No proprietary Rights Claimed.*

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IN YOUR SPARE TIME

WITH THE ALL-BEST-BRITISH

G.T.L. Tool Chest

AND HOME REPAIRING OUTFIT

THOUSANDS OF THESE OUTFITS ARE NOW IN DAILY USE THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY—PEOPLE ARE EARNING MONEY BY SAVING MONEY

The G.T.L. Tool Chest is strongly made and includes 56 High Quality Articles. All tools are of the absolute latest pattern and best quality. Guaranteed made of finest Sheffield steel and neatly fitted in steel clips. Everything for every purpose is here. Sent you direct from the actual manufacturers.

IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Your spare time can be turned to good account if you've a G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit. With it you can make a thousand-and-one useful articles for your home or Garden, etc. You literally save pounds a year in repairs alone for which you would otherwise have to pay.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

A valuable FREE BOOK OF INSTRUCTION, containing over 200 working illustrations, is included in the G.T.L. Tool Chest. If you have never handled a tool, you CAN be sure of immediate success because this book tells you what to make and shows you step-by-step how to make it.

A FEW SHILLINGS BRINGS YOU THE G.T.L. TOOL CHEST AT ONCE ON SEVEN DAYS APPROVAL

A first payment of a few shillings and the G.T.L. Tool Chest is sent at once to your home CARRIAGE PAID and packing free. The balance can be paid by small monthly sums to suit your pocket; meanwhile the G.T.L. Tool Chest is making money for you.

G.T.L., 12-13, CHISWELL STREET, LONDON, E.C.1

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To Readers of "John Bull"

A Beautiful 16-page BROCHURE describing the G.T.L. GUARANTEED TOOL CHEST and Home Repairing Outfit in detail, telling how you can save and make money—as tens of thousands are already doing, will be sent free if you post this coupon now.

To GUARANTEED TOOLS (1933) Ltd.
12-13, Chiswell Street, London, E.C.1

Please send me by return, free of all cost and obligation, your beautifully illustrated booklet of the G.T.L. Guaranteed Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit, together with particulars of price, and how I can obtain it at once for a small first payment.

(PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY)

Name .....

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J.B., 7/3/36. ½d stamp is sufficient if an unsealed envelope.

Royal Enfield

The Best Bicycle

No. 1 DESIGN. Not the least outstanding feature of the Royal Enfield is its handsome appearance. Our Drawing Office, however, is responsible for more than outward show—every vital part has been designed with scrupulous care, ensuring the utmost satisfaction in use.

From £3.19.9

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO., LTD., REDDITCH. Please send Catalogue D.1.

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POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT

STOP your RUPTURE Worries!

Why endure Rupture when you can be fit and active in a few days from now? Whatever your age or sex, whatever you have tried, we know the famous **Brooks Rupture Appliance** will STOP your worries for good—pleasantly, instantly and painlessly, in the privacy of your home, without interfering with work or pleasure! It's dangerous to neglect your Rupture. Don't wear a useless, old-fashioned truss. Instead, enjoy the comfort and security that only **Brooks** can offer—lead an active life, knowing that your **Brooks** is healing as well as holding. Featherlight, invisible, durable, yet really **CHEAP IN PRICE**, 3,200 doctors recommend Brooks. You owe it to yourself and family to find out about this proved invention. Avoid dangerous risks. Act now. Overcome your Rupture. Find out how you may **TRY A BROOKS AT OUR EXPENSE.** Send for free book now (sent in plain sealed envelope), and stop your rupture worries for ever!

COUPON for FREE BOOK

(Post to either London or Manchester)

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(E29A), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(E29A), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture and your **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

Name .....

Address .....

(Please write plainly) .....

—— Cut out and Post TO-DAY. ——

PUT THINGS RIGHT . . .

Take a Dose to-night!

Only the fortunate few can live a natural life in this artificial age, with sufficient exercise, fresh air and fresh foods. That is why millions depend upon Beechams brand Pills to prevent Constipation and all its ills—Headaches, Liverishness, Pimples, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Malnutrition, Depression, Irritability, Lack of Concentration, etc. Beechams Pills are easy to take, non-griping, and never form a habit.

Keep a Box Handy For—

CONSTIPATION, BAD BREATH, SKIN SPOTS, LIVERISHNESS, STOMACH PAINS, HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS.

Sold Everywhere.

Beechams Brand PILLS

Worth a Guinea A Box

Brownish BLONDES

You'd see at once that it makes *even* DARKENED, MOUSY HAIR 2-4 SHADES LIGHTER

in one shampoo—**without bleaching**

With your brownish or mousy hair naturally lightened 2-4 shades you become more youthful and beautiful—and you acquire that personality that makes you preferred by both men and women. Now, simply by washing your hair with STA-BLOND, the wonderful shampoo-treatment, you can safely give it that fascinating *natural* golden colour—the secret of the true blonde's sex appeal—without dyes, henna, camomile or injurious bleaching. Your hair is and looks perfectly natural.

STA-BLOND has all the advantages of soap and soapless shampoos without the disadvantages of either. It brings back to brownish, darkened natural blond hair the golden beauty of childhood—gives it luxurious shining silkiness, softness and beauty—keeps light blond hair of adults and children from darkening. Makes "perms" last longer. Over four million users throughout the world. Try it to-day and if it is not the most wonderful thing you have ever used ask for your money back. Known abroad as Nurblond and Blondex.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

Write to John Bull About It—

THE aged, bath-chair J.P. has received a great deal of attention from you. What of his fellows?

My job takes me into the courts. At two recent Brewster Sessions over 75 per cent. of the magistrates were anti-drink and anti-everything-else advocates. Another Bench I know has a seadog chairman, who hates motorists and salts 'em all, guilty or innocent.

Yet another J.P. is known to have demolished two lamp standards recently, always drives in the centre of the road or on the wrong side, and is a menace to motorist and pedestrian alike. He is never summoned—he's too good at lecturing those who sound the horn after 11.30 p.m. and, anyway, is on the Watch Committee!

REPORTER.

Hospital Delay

Last May I had my teeth extracted at a Manchester dental hospital, paid the first instalment for new dentures, and in November completed the payment.

But I am still waiting for the dentures, and mistakes often occur in the shop where I work because I cannot speak plainly without them.

What puzzles me is why a hospital should be allowed to accept the cash if it cannot supply the goods.

STILL WAITING, Radcliffe.

Better Dead!

I know a man who receives 7s. 6d. a week disablement benefit from his insurance society, though when he dies his wife will get 10s. a week.

It seems strange that while he lives and has to be kept she should get less than when she no longer has to support him.

Let us have better benefits for those who cannot work owing to ill-health!

F. A. F., Manchester.

Panel Loophole

My panel doctor has two surgeries and also gives special electrical treatment to private patients. He is always dashing from one surgery to the other and whenever I need attention I find him either too tired or too busy to give me proper treatment. Transfer to another doctor seems useless, as most possess too many panel patients.

Cannot something be done to ensure that those who contribute to the National Health Insurance scheme get fair play and adequate treatment?

KABETA, Liverpool.

Race with "Silver Ring."

Avenger and Aintree

IN one way racehorses are very like human beings. The bigger they are the harder they fall.

I paid a special visit to Newbury to see Golden Miller crash from his pedestal. His host of admirers would rather he had fallen than refuse, for a bad jump could be forgiven.

"The Miller" may confound his critics at Aintree, but the probability is that he has soured of the game.

Avenger, at 15 to 2, did the Code selections a good turn when beating Reynoldstown at Birmingham, and Mrs. Mundy's good young 'chaser will have to be the JOHN BULL substitute.

Double Crossed and Pedigree may be the best wagers at Lingfield this week-end. And Davy Jones should be noted at Manchester.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The code for this week covers racing from Thursday, March 5, to Wednesday, March 11.

R	B	T	F	94	M	P	Q	C	93	98	A	K	X	U	Z
H	J	I	95	S	O	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	E	V	D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: RMYCTIX would read HOPLITE. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. IMO296MG would read TOMMAOK.

War's Danger Spots

Our railway network includes more than 12,000 stations, 600 of them within a ten-mile radius of Charing Cross. Concerted air-raids could paralyse the whole system.

The Government should modernise our far less vulnerable waterways without delay, so protecting industry and agriculture from complete dislocation in the event of war, ending the flood menace, and giving us the inestimable boon of the cheapest form of inland transport.

(Capt.) G. HENDERSON, Yeovil.

Fruits of Economy

In one town alone, Economy has cost the lives of thirty babies.

The infantile mortality rate in Airdrie was 83 per thousand births in 1933; last year it rose to 113. Why? Well, in the former year infants were supplied with free milk up to the age of twelve months; last year, owing to the economy fallacy started by the Government, they received it for only three months.

JOHN BULL is assured of its readers' support in its indictment of the high infantile and maternal mortality rates.

J. WATSON, Airdrie.

Hands Off the Baby!

"Please do not meddle" is a notice which I and other young mothers need on our prams. We are often obliged to combine shopping with the baby's airing, and strangers will interfere when prams are left unattended for a few minutes.

When one is very small and helpless it must be terrifying to be tapped on the cheek (often with a dirty glove) by a loud-voiced stranger. Once I caught a child trying to make my baby eat a cough lozenge while its mother stood placidly by; a friend recently found her baby choking with a mass of toffee which a well-intentioned lady had stuffed into its mouth!

Thoughtless baby-lovers, please note!

ANONYMA, Nottingham.

Challenge

"Parents or guardians are required to make on behalf of the cadet a private allowance of £36 per annum." This is an extract from the official regulations.

I challenge the Lords of the Admiralty to show how a fisherman can maintain a home and family on 30s. a week, and yet afford £36 a year to enable his son to enter the Navy as a cadet.

Has the caste system extended from the Ganges to Whitehall? Or is this merely their Lordships' conception of Democracy?

SEA TOILER, Portknockie.

Ill-mannered

JOHN BULL—you who fear neither the gods of convention nor the men who set them up—what about a kindly corrective to some parents of to-day?

One constantly hears criticisms of children's manners, but few criticise the parents who set the example. Fathers—and especially mothers—shout commands in loud voices or loudly reprimand in public places and vehicles. They are pained later because the children employ the same tones. An example of good manners towards a child is preferable to any amount of correction.

G. M., Nottingham.

Separation or Divorce?

It is high time that legal separation was abolished. This unfair arrangement parts a couple quite as much as a divorce, but does not allow either party to remarry.

In nearly every other country in Europe, when a couple have been separated for a certain number of years, they are automatically divorced—and rightly so.

Anything which justifies separation surely justifies divorce and freedom to remarry.

LIBRA, Brighton.

The Great Exploited

No one champions the cause of the army of clerical workers whose wages rarely exceed starvation level.

I know many cashiers, despatch clerks and bookkeepers who perform irksome duties in drab offices for the miserly sum of 30s. or 40s. a week. They have to turn up to their work looking smart and tidy.

For them, life is a round of mental anguish and poverty. Surely a living wage should be enforced for these unhappy pawns in the commercial game!

A. G., Glasgow.

Walks of Woe

It was raining very heavily when a young woman stopped me in Central London and asked the way to a distant suburb. I began directing her to the nearest station, but she said she must walk—she had been sent after a job and had only enough money for a single journey and a cup of tea.

Is it not time that the unemployed were issued with free travelling vouchers when sent by the local employment exchange to seek a job outside their own district?

POSTMAN, Leytonstone.

Dangerous Milk

The medical officer of health for a Scottish county draws attention to the large number of children suffering from bovine tuberculosis.

Hundreds of carcases are condemned yearly as unfit for human consumption, yet milk obtained from diseased animals is apparently accepted as fit for our youngsters.

A standard of purity is demanded of all foodstuffs. Why is it not enforced in the case of the best foodstuff of all?

MILKO, Kilwinning.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT!

One guinea will be paid for the best letter and half-a-guinea for every other published. Mark envelope "Readers' Parliament."

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT.

Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache etc.

COLD WEATHER COMING

Give it a warm welcome with

1D PER PKT 3D PER TIN **NIPITS**

VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES

Remarkable Pacific Ocean Sea Plant—richest source of the twelve life-giving minerals and food iodine—feeds starved glands...

How MINERALS and FOOD IODINE Build THIN, Worn-Out, Pale, Nervous People into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women.

"VIKELP" Tablets amazing mineral concentrate—must build rich, red blood: put on pounds of solid, stay-there flesh, give steady nerves and untiring energy in 10 days, or trial is FREE.

Women! You'll be amazed at the tremendous difference 5, 10 or 15 lbs. can make in your appearance. Often the addition of these extra pounds of firm "stay-there" flesh reveals a physical charm and loveliness you never knew you possessed. Cheeks fill out, become rosy with health — you forget your "nerves"—and you look years younger than you actually are.

Men! Too thin, inclined to scrawniness? These extra needed pounds mean new strength, vitality, added energy and that virile manliness always so admired.

Thousands of underweight, weak, worn-out, run-down, men and women, who are nervous and ailing hardly realise that the underlying cause of their trouble is—MINERAL and FOOD IODINE STARVED GLANDS. Medical Science knows now that when the glands, particularly the Thyroid (and other tiny, hidden glands which control weight—and strength) lack FOOD IODINE or any of the 12 minerals essential to health and proper body development, even the most wholesome foods fail to add weight and produce strength and energy or build up resistance against illness. (This iodine must not be confused with ordinary chemical iodine nor iodine fumes which often prove toxic). That's why thin, ailing people often have huge appetites, *but* the food they eat only clogs up their system giving stomach disorders, poisoning the blood and body. The system MUST have ORGANIC MINERALS and FOOD IODINE and only when it gets an adequate supply can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of digesting and then converting food into firm muscle or flattering curves, renewed health, strength and energy.

"VIKELP" Tablets are made from a remarkable Pacific Ocean plant, recognised to be the world's richest source of the 12 MINERALS and FOOD IODINE demanded by the body—yet so sadly lacking in the cooked food we eat. Moreover, they supply these precious substances in natural assimilable form. This remineralisation process stimulates the glands which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest the fats and starches—the weight-making elements in food. Faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, goitre, rheumatism, nervousness and systemic ailments are relieved or disappear entirely.

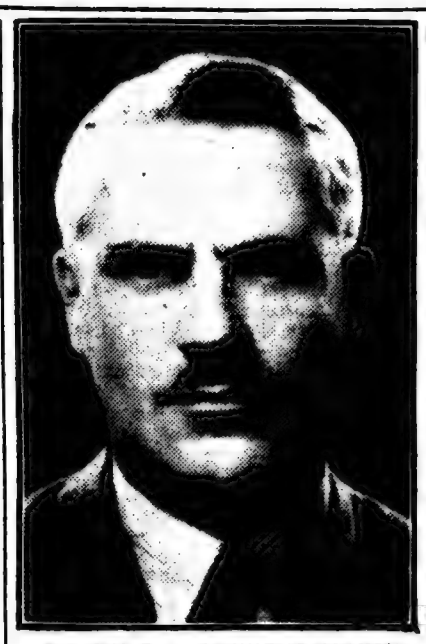
Try "VIKELP" Tablets today and if after taking them for 10 days you don't feel wonderful, sleep, eat and work better with increased vitality and don't put on extra pounds the trial is FREE. If your dealer cannot supply you send 1/9d. for 40 tablets or for the more economical sizes 3/6d. for 100, 6/9d. for 225, or 17/6d. for 675 tablets, to Dept. J.B./3/1, Health Products Laboratories Ltd., 10, Henrietta Street, London, W.1.

"VIKELP" TABLETS vs. VEGETABLES

3 "Vikelp" Tablets contain:

1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach
2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of cabbage.
3. More Phosphorus than 1½ lbs. of carrots.
4. More Sulphur than 2 lbs. of potatoes.
5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.
7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.

NEW SIZE 1/9 **VIKELP** *Body Building Tablets*



Fraser Field offers you his AMAZING BOOK FREE!

WHAT THIS AMAZING BOOK WILL TELL YOU!

- HOW TO OVERCOME SHYNESS.
- HOW TO CURE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.
- HOW TO KILL FEAR.
- HOW TO SPEAK WITHOUT TIMIDITY.
- HOW TO MASTER AWKWARD SITUATIONS.
- HOW TO EXERT YOUR AUTHORITY.
- HOW TO GET DETERMINED NEW COURAGE.
- HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE WILL.
- HOW TO CURE A BAD MEMORY.
- HOW TO INFLUENCE OTHERS.
- HOW TO BANISH BLUSHING AND NERVOUSNESS.
- HOW TO GET STRONG NERVES.

FRASER FIELD (Dept. A.14), The Broadway, Hammersmith, London

STOP BEING SHY!

ARE you nervous, self-conscious, shy? Do you blush, feel ill at ease when talking to strangers? NOW you can quickly banish these fears—you can be the person you WANT to be!

I'LL GIVE YOU DETERMINED COURAGE — IN 36 HOURS!

HUNDREDS of people are not themselves—lead unhappy lives, because they allow nervousness, fear of criticism, shyness and other fears to blight their lives. Yet fears of the future, fears of themselves, fears of the opposite sex and superiors is absolutely unnecessary! If you suffer in this way you can apply a simple method that instantly gives relief. There is no inconvenience, you won't have to wait for results—at once you will feel the benefit and within 36 hours your fears will be gone! Send for this book now, you will be astonished!

FREE!—IF YOU HURRY!

ARE you shy, nervous, self-conscious, afraid of people? Send for my fully illustrated FREE BOOK. Then give me 36 hours and I'll make you positively alive with determined new courage. This book will show you how to banish all forms of nervousness. A few copies are being offered free. Send the coupon at once!

POST THIS TO-DAY!

FRASER FIELD (Dept. A.14), The Broadway, Hammersmith, LONDON.

Please send me at once, free and without obligation a copy of your new book, "How to Overcome Nervousness" in plain wrapper.

Name .....

Address .....

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7.3.1936

Are Your Teeth Kolynos-Clean and Sparkling White?

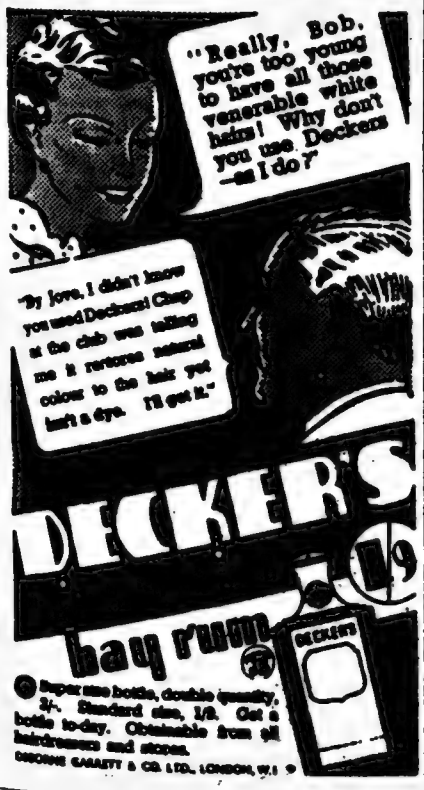
For Whiter Teeth and Healthy Gums Your Dentist says—*USE KOLYNOS*

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM, the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste, quickly restores the sparkle and attractiveness of *natural* whiteness to your teeth.

Dentists throughout the World recommend Kolynos because of its ability to remove unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and whitening the teeth without harmful bleaching action — or unnecessary abrasion. Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy. Get a tube to-day. Of all Chemists

MADE IN ENGLAND 1/- AND 1/9 Trial Size 6d.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM


"Really, Bob, you're too young to have all those venerable white hairs! Why don't you use Deckers —as I do?"
"By Jove, I didn't know you used Deckers! Chap at the club was telling me it restores natural colour to the hair you had a dye. I'll get it."
DECKERS
1/9
hair rum

Super size bottle, double quantity, 3/-. Standard size, 1/9. Get a bottle to-day. Obtainable from all hairdressers and stores.

DISCOVE GARRETT & CO. LTD., LONDON, W.1

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

Send for this ★ **FREE BOOKLET**

★ *It will take less than a minute to fill in your name and address in the coupon on p. 25. Do so NOW!*

TO-DAY there's no need for any more back-aching work. Here's a new way, an easier way—the GOBLIN way—that takes all the hard work out of cleaning. Utmost in cleaning efficiency, ease of handling, and at popular prices to suit all pockets, Goblin Cleaners save drudgery, expense and time. For only 10/- down you can secure one. But first of all send for a copy of the "Sterling Value" Booklet—it's free!—if you fill in the coupon on page 25.

FILL IN THE COUPON ON p. 25

INFLUENZA! TAKE FENNINGS' THE BEST AND SUREST REMEDY FOR INFLUENZA, COLDS AND FEVERS

70 YEARS REPUTATION **FEVER CURER** *Sold in Bottles at 1/3*

SEND FOR THIS

FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" Post Free on Application to:—

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.

When writing please mention this paper.

Nagging Pains in the Back

BACKACHE SUGGESTS kidney weakness and when there are also urinary irregularities, disturbed nights, dizziness and lassitude, the trouble is self-evident. Don't wait for rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago! Strengthen the kidneys at once with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They put an end to needless pain and will bring back your health and vigour.

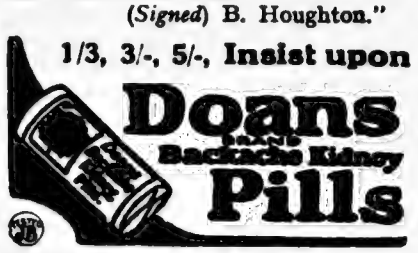
Colds weaken the Kidneys.

Mrs. B. Houghton, 26, Llanwern Street, Newport, Mon., says:—"The least cold affected the kidneys, causing severe dragging pains in the lower part of my back. At times my hips were rheumatic, the pains extending down to the ankles. The kidney excretions were disordered and contained sediment.

"I am thankful I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They have done me more good than anything else I have ever tried.

(*Signed*) B. Houghton."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-, Insist upon



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NO AGENTS — WRITE DIRECT

Secure Long Odds NOW for the

LINCOLN

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The Great Spring Double.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST

One Shilling up to any amount can be invested by letter in accordance with rules.

DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS

bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

FOOTBALL

'CHALLENGER' FIXED-PRICE LISTS

Six Leagues — Nothing Barred

ALL POSTAGE PAID

Please send your Lists. I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....
J.B. 7.3.36

Address .....

Town .....

County .....

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& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH ST. GLASGOW C.2

The Editor Laughs Last

B. T. (Wolverhampton).—"I'm inventing a foolproof cash register." It can't be done.

S. L. (Chesham).—"What is the correct costume for a tug-of-war team?" Pullovers.

F. R. (Chippenham).—"Do you find the present taxation system wanting?" Yes, wanting more than we want to pay!

D. W. (Ipswich).—"The business was not run on straightforward lines, so I got out of it." How much?

MANAGER (Glasgow).—"Most men follow their local football team in a cursory manner." We know—we've heard them!

SCIENTIST (Oxford).—"Is it true that England has been submerged at least eighteen times?" Not that we recollect.

K. G. (Rotherham).—"I punished my big son by making him pay for our tickets for the week-end trip." You brought him to book.

OWNER (Hayes).—"I've tried and tried to whiten my ceiling like a professional decorator does." Yet you find it is above you?

T. H. (Whitstable).—"A little girl I know used to be very fond of turning cartwheels,' but now she is very demure." Turned completely round, then.

BACKMARKER (Hounslow).—"I am convinced that my form in the recent billiards tournament was absolutely false." So, of course, you said the table wasn't true.

OSTLER (Epsom).—"A horse eats best when he's in his stable and knows he's finished work for the day." When he hasn't a bit in his mouth?

MISS ANNE (Dunfermline).—"I always go and see my dentist about the beginning of March." We fail to gather what he can do about it.

OWNER-DRIVER (Crieff).—"When my wife's dog dashed out in front of my car I put on my brakes and pulled up in a yard." Yes, but whose?

N. G. (Brighton).—"Lots of men regret the time that they have to spend brushing their hair." Not nearly so many as those who regret having no hair to brush.

N. G. (Egham).—"The income-tax people sent me a demand for £5, and less than a fortnight later I received another one for £3. Please let me know what your expert can make of that." £8.

D. W. (Manchester).—"A street vendor tried to gull me into buying a watch by a form of auction, so I upset his tray and left him lying in the gutter." You curbed his activities?

T. C. H. (Tewkesbury).—"My office-girl would far rather fly round the country on the back of a motor-cycle than become proficient at her shorthand." But you can't say that she isn't a speed-merchant

GEO. G. (Kenton).—"When is the ideal time to start a business train travelling townwards?" Most engine-drivers agree that it's just about thirty seconds before we want to catch it.

TENOR (Kensington).—"I find that the biggest drawback to singing into the mike' is that one misses the audience." Yes, but the advantage is that the audience can't hit you.

M. F. H. (Radlett).—"Believe me, an inexperienced rider to hounds goes through a lot." We can quite imagine it!

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

D. W. (Windsor).—"We must put our shoulders to the wheel." Or 'phone to the garage for a tow.

P. N. (London, N.).—"I hear that the G.P.O. is planning a new telephone push." Button C?

TOM D. (Aldershot).—"There is often a certain amount of truth in rumour." A smatter of fact!

TOBY (Bromley).—"My brother-in-law makes large breaks at billiards, using a short cue for all his shots." While you take a long rest?

MRS. D. (Norwich).—"I always think of elastic as a very philanthropic substance." It is certainly always giving.

MRS. P. (Minster).—"My husband is a proper bookworm." Most wives think their husbands are just the ordinary sort.

FRUITERER (Chelmsford).—"A lot of women handle my wares, although they have no intention of buying them." It's touch and go with them?

STAN (Staines).—"One job I applied for had an odd condition, which was that I had to undergo an examination for signs of rheumatism." Ah! the acid test.

VEGETARIAN (Bristol).—"Tell me of the man who can truthfully say he has profited by the consumption of meat." The butcher.

WIRELESS WALTER (Ashford).—"It takes considerable time to become a good listener." The average husband soon acquires the art.

J. G. (Devon).—"A player who has just joined our football team as a half-back works eight hours a day making corks for bottles." He should prove a good stopper.

COVENT GARDEN MAN (Brixton).—"Lettuces with soft centres means a great loss." They certainly don't give you any heart.

COACH (Manchester).—"If a young winger in his first experience of professional football is up against a robust back, he will learn all about the game." It is certainly probable that he will be given a good grounding.

FARMER (Toller Porcorum).—"I cannot understand young men wasting their time playing Rugby when so much land is going out of cultivation." You advocate another kind of back to the land movement?

BUSINESS GIRL (London).—"There are times when it is impossible to avoid looking down on men." You mean in the tube when they are so interested in the morning's news and haven't noticed you standing.

DOCTOR (Sussex).—"I had to confess to the new vicar that, though I've lived in the parish for thirty years, I have never yet walked round the churchyard." Naturally, you would hate to be reminded of your past errors.

MRS. R. (Mayfair).—"All my servants except the housemaid have to-day fallen ill with influenza or scarlet fever. I suppose it is practically certain that she will catch something." The next train home, very likely.

MISS V. (Oxford).—"I am a singer of some note." Which one?

S. T. (Tilbury).—"My wife always over-cooks my breakfast egg." That is hard.

SAM (Richmond).—"I always seem to stretch the necks of my pullovers." Fathead!

MOTORIST (Beddington).—"Speed cops never worry me." You don't give a hoot for them?

S. V. (Highgate).—"If a hiker picks up a horseshoe he considers it lucky." A motorist doesn't.

SPORTSMAN (Guildford).—"Do you think churches should run lotteries?" Only the usual marriage ones.

J. G. (Leatherhead).—"He suffers from a rooted belief that he is still a boy of eight." He's kidding himself.

HUBBY (Chelmsford).—"When my wife gibes me for not catching the mice, I get very angry." Quite ratty, in fact.

B. H. (Ealing).—"It takes a lot to put me out." You shouldn't put our commissionaire on his mettle like that.

MRS. D. (Bulwell).—"My oven is so small, you can scarcely get into it." We should hardly think you want to.

BOXER (Bournemouth).—"The ice rink makes an excellent boxing arena." And the contestants remain remarkably cool?

MRS. A. (Lydney).—"When I called on her I could get no reply, although she had told me that she was always at home." You found her out.

DEJECTED (Newport).—"No less than six firms have rejected my novel idea for a bookmarker.' They turned it down.

S. P. (London).—"At a swell restaurant I know you can get fourpenny sandwiches." Yes, but how much do they charge?

R. G. (Leicester).—"It is no joke getting out of a pair of top-boots." We should have thought the whole thing was a leg-pull.

FATHER (Newport).—"My young son had misbehaved, but I could not find him to punish him, for he had found a good hiding-place." But no doubt you found a better one.

P. B. (Luton).—"The dearest part of running a car is paying for garage space." Well, garaging the *Bullets* £208 Sunshine Saloon offered on page 43 need not worry you—the accompanying £1,250 would house both you and your car.

SPORTS (Bradford).—"Many centre-forwards who leap to get the ball with their brow cannot explain why they do so." They don't know what they are heading for, eh?

NATURALIST (Otley).—"Do you know that the largest moth in the world measures eight inches across the wings?" We discovered its diet when we turned out our dress trousers last week.

S. W. (Windsor).—"A strawberry farm in New Zealand is run by two boy partners, who employ children as assistants." It is denied, however, that when the fruit is ripe the whole staff has to comply with a muzzling order.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over*)

The Fragrant Minute

COURAGE!

ANXIETY draws near! He would take the citadel, capture it by fear, fear for his shot and shell. Oh! Spirit, guard the fort, let flag of Courage fly. Hark to the sad report—Anxiety draws nigh!

For should Anxiety win, oh! ill would fare the day! Once let this grim foe in, Courage will slip away. What can Anxiety do? Not banish future sorrow; or capture joy for you; or bring a fair to-morrow. This only is its pow'r—to empty heart and soul and rob the present hour of strength to reach the goal.

Oh! Spirit! mount life's fort, let flag of Courage fly; prove false the ill-report—Anxiety draws nigh.

Wilhelmina Stitch

"John Bull" Copyright

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

CATARRH

Relief in 30 Seconds

Relieve your Catarrh in 30 seconds! A touch of Nostroline nasal remedy acts instantly. Clears head, stops nasal discharge, opens breathing passages. "Nostroline" soothes all irritation, ends stuffiness. Relieves head noises and catarrhal deafness. Amazing for Colds and Influenza.

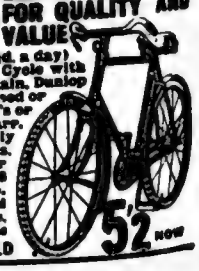
1/3 all Chemists

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.16, Clifton, Bristol

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

6/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models



52 NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Mother! Do YOU worry?

"It depends on what *kind* of laxative you mean, Mrs. Bolton.

I always advise mothers to give 'California Syrup of Figs' — at any time of the year. It's a safe laxative that acts on the bowels naturally and gently. It will not upset his system and there is no fear of Freddie catching cold afterwards.

As a matter of fact, when the weather is cold, bowel regularity is one sure way of enabling children to keep clear of chills and winter epidemics — it keeps them healthy and up to the mark.

Give Freddie a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs', then you can be sure he is internally clean, and his stomach and digestion in good order. That's the best safeguard in winter-time! I've had some wonderful cases with 'California Syrup of Figs' — it's the ideal laxative for children. But strong drastic purgatives, however temptingly disguised — no! That's just courting danger.

Let Freddie have a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' at bed-time to-night, and see that he has it regularly once a week. Then you need have no more worry.

'California Syrup of Figs' is a fine laxative for grown-ups. I always take it and advise you to, Mrs. Bolton.

Your chemist sells it in two sizes, 1/3 and 2/6. The larger is the cheaper in the long run, but be sure to get '*California* Syrup of Figs' brand."

'California Syrup of Figs'

'NATURES OWN' LAXATIVE

ASTHMA

"Completely Vanished," writes Mr. A. S.

Fourteen times in hospital with Asthma, without any lasting improvement, was the tragic experience of Mrs. F. P., of Rochdale. Now, thanks to Do-Do Tablets, she is on the road to complete recovery. On 24th January, 1936, she wrote: "I have been taking your Do-Do Tablets, and they have done me a lot of good and still are, for I am never without them. I can go about my work and it doesn't seem any trouble to me, but before taking your tablets I was always being down with attacks. I have been in hospital no less than fourteen different times for attacks of asthma."

Mrs. F. P.'s experience is typical of thousands. Mr. A. S., of Blackdown, on January 28th, 1936, wrote: "I have been a sufferer from Asthma for ten years. I tried everything possible with very little results. A friend of mine gave me some of your Do-Do Tablets while I was having a very bad attack—they did not only ease me at once—but the asthma completely vanished."

Do-Do (Brand) Asthma Tablets conquer so many cases which have baffled doctors and hospitals, and defied all other treatment, because they contain a combination of active, curative medicaments found in no other single asthma remedy, at any price. Do-Do Asthma Tablets are not adulterated or "bulked," but are practically solid medicament, highly concentrated. Sold in shilling packets (large size 3/-) by chemists everywhere, including all branches of Boots, Taylors, and Timothy Whites. Get a packet to-day!—[Advt.]

B.D.V. now at 4d. for 10

TWO PICTURES IN EVERY PACKET
ONE INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALLER AND ONE FILM STAR

JOLLY GOOD TOBACCO!
BUY B.D.V. MEDIUM TODAY 10 FOR 4d

You'll like them!

B.D.V EXTRA MILD AND LARGE - 10 FOR 6d

Handsome Cutlery Set FREE!

Don't overlook the stupendous free gift presentation of a handsome Canteen of Cutlery announced to readers on page 12. Solve your furnishing problems by filling in the coupon for free illustrated catalogue and full particulars of this gift offer. When ordering, be sure to mention "John Bull."

Hurry! Turn to Page 12 Right Away!

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

THE GRAVES 'VULCAN' SCREENED GRID SELF-CONTAINED BATTERY-DRIVEN 3-VALVE RECEIVER gives all you want in Radio, at a very low price and on Terms you can afford.

Every component the best of its class. Iron-Cored Multi-Wire Coils. Double Circuit Tuning. Full Vision Illuminated Dial. British Valves. 120-volt H.T. Battery, large capacity 2-volt plate type Accumulator. Permanent Nickel-Aluminium Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Steel Chassis. Cabinet in two shades of Walnut: 19½in x 10½in x 9½in. Everything complete, including Aerial and Earth Equipment—nothing else to buy. The whole outfit safely packed & Carriage Paid to destination.

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Easy Terms 8/- now, and 8/- monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including 7-valve Sets.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL

ABSCESSES!

TUBERCULOUS CASE YIELDS TO VITADATIO

Mrs. PRICE, 42, Burton Road, Carlton, Notts., writes: "I was rushed to hospital, and an immediate operation decided on. After 12 weeks of torture a large Internal Abscess formed where I had my operation, and later a huge External Abscess formed on the Pelvis. After weeks in hospital I was sent out. I was then advised to try Vitadatio, and soon noticed the discharge getting thinner, and after persevering with it I am completely cured."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites, and Taylors Ltd., Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from

VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

Send for FREE Catalogue of

This Full-size Easy Chair that adjusts itself! For 10/- down.

Fill in the coupon on page 31 for free illustrated Catalogue, easy terms, etc., of the Superlax Model illustrated and other Berkeley Upholstery.

If you have a COUGH You haven't tried

At all Chemists

MUSTEROLE BRAND

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MUSTARD OINTMENT

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment is simply marvellous for coughs. It immediately relieves the tickling and tightness in the throat. It's the unique "deep healing" of this clean, stainless ointment which makes it so wonderfully effective. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist to-day. Costs 2/6 but is very economical as, owing to its great penetrating power, you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

"I find your Musterole Brand Ointment the best thing I have ever used," says a Tottenham, N., user, "and I would not be without a jar of it in the house. The least cold or pain I get I rub it gently in, and it soothes the pain and coughing at once."

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment gives *certain* relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after 'FLU and COLDS.

Musterole Fine Products Co. Ltd.,
4 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

A tickling throat is nipped at birth
By nightly Zubes. Best thing on earth!

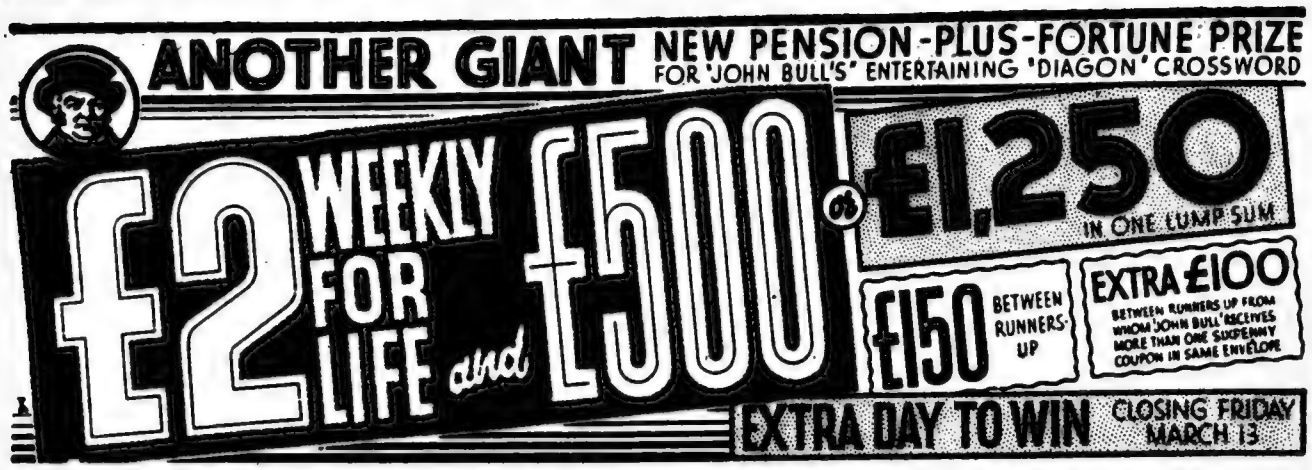
Go—suck a ZUBE

Zubes contain Aniseed, Liquorice, Menthol, Friar's Balsam and other tried and homely remedies that are 'best for throat and chest'.

In flat tins 3d. and 6d.
2½d. per ounce less.

YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

I am more than satisfied with the result of using URACE brand TABLETS in a most difficult case of Rheumatism. Nurse E—— A—— M——. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.2. From your Chemist, 2/3 and 3/-.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FOR 'JOHN BULL'S' ENTERTAINING 'DIAGON' CROSSWORD
£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500 OR £1,250 IN ONE LUMP SUM
£150 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
EXTRA £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS UP FROM WHOM 'JOHN BULL' RECEIVES MORE THAN ONE SIXPENNY COUPON IN SAME ENVELOPE
EXTRA DAY TO WIN CLOSING FRIDAY MARCH 13

NOTE NEW CLOSING DATE—FRIDAY, MARCH 13

PRESENTED on this page is the eighth of JOHN BULL'S new "Diagon" Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL,

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University, and—

Mr. C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

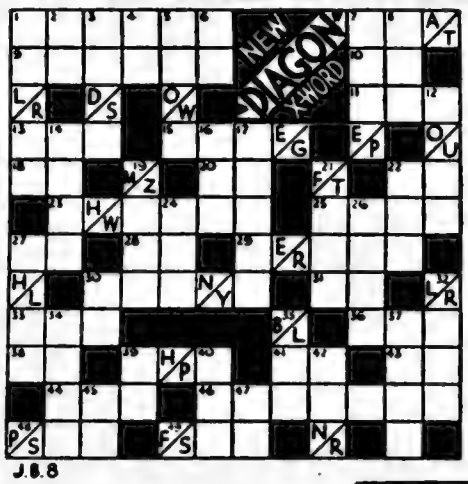
"Diagon" Crosswords take their name from a new feature in these puzzles. You will find that a number of squares are divided by a diagonal stroke and contain two given letters. In order to complete your Puzzle, first fill in all non-divided squares with the most apt and accurate Answers available. Coming then to the divided squares, note that only words that employ one of the given letters in them are to be considered. At each of such points, to indicate your choice of words made on the basis directed, you have merely to strike out in ink the letter rejected and leave untouched that letter which completes the word you have chosen by reason of its aptness and accuracy.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle and has given what in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, March 26th, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this "Diagon" Crossword Competition. *(Patent applied for.)*

"JOHN BULL" "DIAGON" CROSSWORD No. 8 Closing (NOON) FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1936



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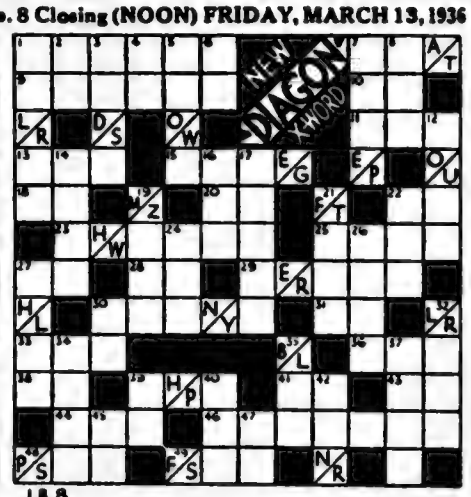


J.B.8

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

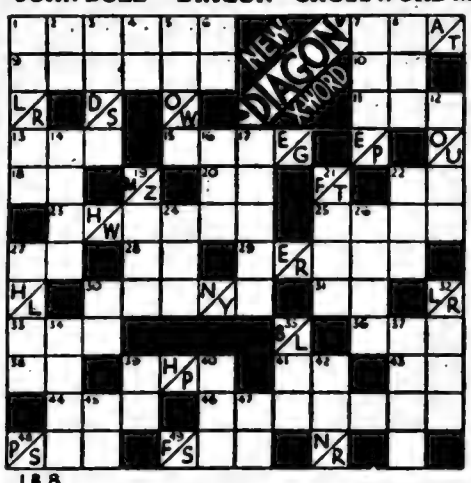
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" "DIAGON" CROSSWORD No. 8 Closing (NOON) FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1936



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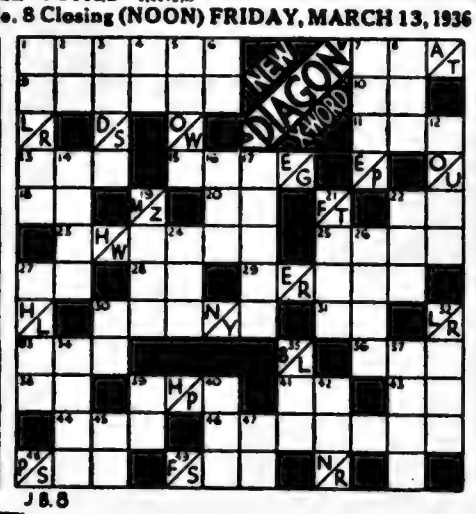


J.B.8

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

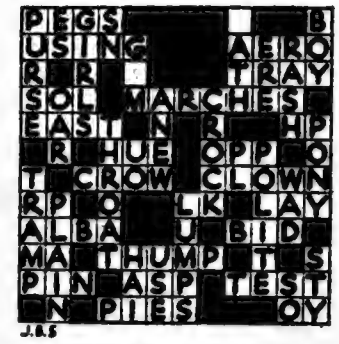
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "DIAGON" CROSSWORD NO. 8, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

X-WORD No. 5



J.B.5

WINNERS ON PAGE 41.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

Two spaces are left blank to indicate that at these points competitors who used the words OATH or PATH, and GEM or GUM, were regarded as having submitted Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Diagon Crossword No. 5 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

GET THIS FREE HELP In addition to valuable "Reasons Why" guidance, the "Crossword Gazette" provides Entry Squares on fine paper, all the Crossword news and other constructive aid—entirely free!

Secure your weekly supply by enclosing with your Crossword entry the Reservation Form for "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets" Bulletin on page 43.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Make pure
7. Provides welcome change for invalid
9. Chorus is often sung in this
10. His Majesty, in brief
11. Out should go in
13. The eyes do it
15. Prisoner's days are this
18. Core of pear in season
20. Remove rat from crate
22. Tailless ant
23. They look more attractive with ribbon tied round them
25. Leisure
27. Short at both ends
28. How argument begins in parlour
29. Are supported by working men
30. Are spoiled by careless acts
31. How riding starts in fright
33. To go wrong here is right
34. Prefix meaning two
38. Half done in shadow
39. Questioning worries man who's this
41. Indicates doubt in wife
43. Short for South Africa
44. One on the back is encouraging
46. What cannot be cured must be this
48. Usually looks its best at show
49. When wifey's this, hubby usually suffers

CLUES DOWN

1. Yours can easily be taken without your knowing it
2. End of run in hunt
3. Jockeys do this with caution when horses fall at jump
4. In fish and haggis
5. Soon plucked by experienced woman
6. Ends of yarn
7. Its fitting may call for skill
8. Here's that bird again
12. Gets banged out of canteen piano
14. Beast is beheaded here
16. First part of October
17. Where cuckoos are gate-crashers
19. Often gives worker energy
21. Wise mother conceals from her children
22. Patient animal in passion
24. Remove front part of camera
26. In the middle of
27. Strong timber is needed for it
30. Starts preaching in prison
32. Uneven one may make lorry slower
34. Children use one for skipping
35. Small one may cover a lot
37. Such cars are cheaper
39. Last part of last
40. Biblical form of "you"
42. Warms things up
45. In station and late
47. Remove beginning of end

★ **THIS COMPETITION IS OPEN TO ALL READERS**

£1,500 WON SEE PAGE 41.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Friday, March 13.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant many submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus, each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

If neither letter in a diagonally divided square has been deleted in ink, whole Puzzle Square will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

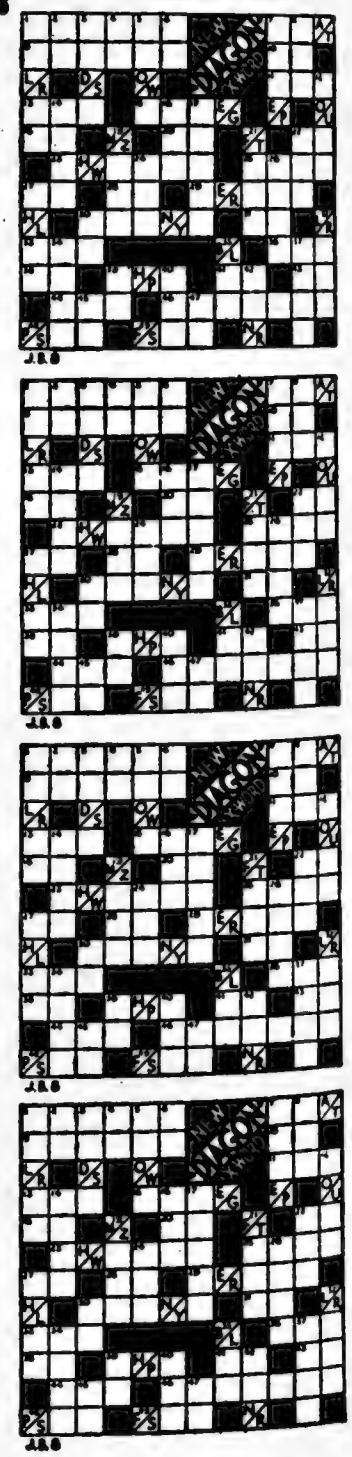
3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 26. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 31, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the number of words which, in answering the Clues given, agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

COPY SQUARES Squares below are for your copies—not accepted as entries.



J.B.8

"Dr. MULLER" Brand

Concentrated Nerve Food

EATEN LIKE FOOD

A Healthy Nerve

Recreates the Mental and Physical Powers of Exhausted Constitutions

If stress of work, anxiety, or ill-health are forcing you down the hill which leads to mental and physical degeneration you can, and should, arrest the downward progress. Nothing is more effective for this purpose than the brand of concentrated nerve food advocated by Dr. Muller, which is far and away the best in its class. No cooking or preparation is required. You simply eat four or five pieces a day, any time, but preferably after meals. Keep this practice up for a few weeks and you will not know yourself as the same person.

Nerve Exhaustion is "starvation" of the nerve cells; the sufferer cannot extract from his daily food a sufficiency of the precious concentrated Nutrient the nerve cells live and thrive upon. Dr. Muller's preparation is identical with the natural nutrient the brain and nerve cells live and thrive upon. It is a marvellous reconstructive in mental and physical exhaustion and revitalises the brain and nerve centres in a natural way.

If you send your name and address, a sample box, sufficient for a few days, will be sent post free, together with a copy of "The Way to Health," of which 430,000 copies have been circulated! Write: 147A, The Muller Laboratories, 37, Manchester St., Manchester Square, London, W.1.

THE DR. MULLER NUTRIENT BRAND OF CONCENTRATED NERVE FOOD IS SOLD BY ALL GOOD CHEMISTS

£1,500 CASH WON IN CROSSWORD No. 5.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 5, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious sets of Answers on one Square were the following competitors, who submitted Squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious set of Answers, seen on page 40.

Mrs. H. Abell, 481, Victoria Rd., Glasgow; W. Bailey, Elvedon, Broad Rd., Sale (3 shares); Miss Bannister, Fern House, Warren St., Tenby (3 shares); W. Bell, 22, Craigleithhurst View, Edinburgh; J. Braithwaite, 6, Bleff Rd., Manchester; E. Broadhead, 148, Filton Rd., Bristol; E. Bryan, Hazelwood, Parkfield Rd., W. Worthing; W. Clarke, 6, Alexander Drive, Douglas; E. Cook, 9, Doncaster Ter., Buttery, Ammanford; W. E. Cooper, 248, Glossop Rd., Sheffield; W. Dando, 62, Rosedale Rd., Romford; R. Davis, 81, Union St., Borough, S.E.; A. L. Duckworth, 148, Sevenoaks Rd., Balham, S.W.; Mrs. A. H. Dimond, Penjarra, Alderley Edge, Manchester; G. A. Evans, Five Acres, Tenby (3 shares); P. Fleming, 66a, West Main St., Armadale, W. Lothian; Miss D. Galbraith, 80, Duncan Rd., Richmond, Surrey; C. H. Gibbons, 86, Crystal Palace Rd., London, S.E.; J. W. Goodwin, 6, Swan St., Manchester; R. Hanbury, 94, Conway, Romford; J. Hart, 3, Servia St., Wallasey; G. F. Horwood, 155, South Ealing Rd., Ealing, W.; F. W. Hussey, 10, Goodman Rd., London, E.; G. Kime, 5b, Station Rd., Leigh-on-Sea (2 shares); T. Lincoln, 7, Moody Houses, Clabe Rd., London, E.; H. R. Lowe, 98, York Rd., Southend-on-Sea; Mrs. J. Mather, 10, Rd. Pleasant, Southport; R. Method, 93, Priory Rd., Exeter; J. Meekings, Wimesham, Ipswich; M. Moody, 14, Station Rd., Shepherds Bush; W. O. Payne, Dunsdaigan Road, Wrexham; E. Pearson, 179, Albert Rd., Southsea; R. J. Pile, 1, Eaton Gate, Exeter; Miss S. Roberts, Rosedene, St. Silas Rd., Manchester; D. Roberts, 19, Mill Terr., Middleton-in-Teesdale; Mrs. W. Sharples, 7, Tilbrook Rd., Southampton; A. Smith, 14, Hazlehurst Terr., Altrincham; Mrs. F. Spains, 62, Lamen Rd., W. Croydon; G. Stanton, 1, Hatton Hays, Bethnal Green, E.; R. Stewart, 3, Parkhurst Ave., Preston; H. F. Stolbery, 1, Victoria Ave., Sutton Weldon; Mrs. R. W. Wastell, 81, Main St., Addingham, Ilkley, Yorks; Mrs. Wheeler, Terr., Saltash; Mrs. R. Whitton, Lahia, Ivy Ave., Mr. Rebington; Mrs. Whitmore, 72, St. James Rd., Sutton, Surrey; Miss J. Williams, 60, Raglan St., Tredegar; Mrs. M. Wood, 16, Hirst Terr., Bedlington; Mrs. W. Woolhouse, 98, Gramsere Place, Halifax.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the £1,000 First Prize, and a cheque for £19 4s. 8d. will be sent for each winning Square.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, March 10, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £500 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 425 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Square received. These winners will each receive £1 3s. 7d.

A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Don't overlook the "John Bull" Shop Window on pages 2 and 3 and The "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 16.

BLOOD & SKIN DISEASES DEFINITELY REMOVED

Psoriasis, Eczema, Leg Ulcers, banished completely and permanently without rest or change from work. Treatment entirely Herbal and individual, or years' success. Write for FREE BOOK and particulars of MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (BRADFORD), LTD., 11, EVERSE HOUSE, BRADFORD, YORKS.

"NEW LIFE" HAIR-GROWING GIFTS

100,000 "New Life" Hair-Growing Gifts are now waiting to be posted. Simply Post the Coupon printed below. Each Gift Package contains:

1—A Testing Supply of Kotalko—The True Hair Grower.

2—A Testing Tablet of Kotalko Scalp and Hair Soap—the Tonic Shampoo.

3—Illustrated Instructions for "New Life" Hair-Growing—even on Bald Patches on Heads and for getting rid of Dandruff.

These gifts will prove valuable indeed to readers who are losing their hair—whose thin or bald patches are growing larger—whose scalp and hair show dandruff—or whose hair is fading or going grey.

After 2 Years' Baldness

Now This New Thick Growth

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

H. A. WILD

New Hair Within 3 Months

Kotalko is wonderful. Although my age is 78—Kotalko has brought on a complete new growth of hair where I was quite bald. The new growth was evident after only three months' use of Kotalko. I persevered and the new growth increased and thickened week by week, and now my head is once more absolutely normal. I shall certainly recommend it to all who need a preparation that really grows hair.

S. ROBINSON.

100,000 TEST PACKAGES

Send for Yours To-day!

GROW THICK, STRONG WAVY HAIR LIKE THIS

Beware of Falling Hair, Spreading Baldness, or Hair-killing Dandruff. You can grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from Dandruff, like so many others.

Mr. M. J. MURPHY writes: "Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, and the hair is now thick and is a thick mass of waves, and is more healthy-looking."

What's the Matter with your Hair? You, too, can Put it Right with

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap are for men's, women's and children's hair; for falling hair, dandruff and for baldness. The scalp becomes supple and the hair roots nourished and restored to renewed activity. Feed Hair Roots daily with Kotalko. Cleanse and soften Hair Follicles once weekly with Kotalko Scalp Soap, the Tonic Shampoo.

Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day.
To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy Street (53, D.P.), London, W.1.

Please send me post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

"John Bull" Guarantee.

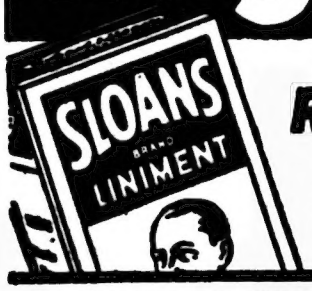
EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

***ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."**

Use SLOANS



FOR ALL RHEUMATIC ACHES AND PAINS

There's nothing like Sloans for quick relief. 1/9 per bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

A POPULAR STYLE IN TWEED

ON APPRO for 1/6 DEPOSIT

C. 221. This is a coat which will prove useful on many and varied occasions. Made in tweed in small woven check design, with larger overcheck, it is tailored in double-breasted style, with broad stitching right round the edge to keep it in good shape. Note, too, the smartly cut sleeves, giving distinction, and the two useful deep pockets. The half belt at back, trimmed two buttons, keeps waist snug. Self coloured buttons to match belt finish a very fashionable model Send for this bargain. To-DAY. (See Coupon.)

SIZES: S.W. 44, 46, 48; W. 48, 50; W.X. 49; O.S. 49 inches. (W.X. 2/- extra, O.S. 4/- extra).

Supplied in Fawn only.

Full 12/11 Price

C. 221 BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me, on approval, Coat C. 221, at present Bargain Price of 12/11.

Size and Length .....

I enclose 1/6 deposit, together with 9d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/6. If not satisfied, and I return the Coat unworn, at once, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address and Postal Order crossed thus / / in ink.

Overseas full cash only.
John Bull, 7.3.36. No. 809.

Post your Order to—

AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 809, Ambrose House, 69, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

ASTHMA

END THOSE SUDDEN ATTACKS —BANISH THE COUGHING—

get rid of LUNG POISONS and phlegm which cause the trouble—free yourself from agonising paroxysms with the

DR SINGHA ASTHMA TABLETS

Be ready for the next attack and breathe easily again without DREAD OF SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

OBTAINABLE OF ALL CHEMISTS

including Boots, Timothy White's and Taylors, Ltd., etc., at 1/6, 3/-, 5/-, 12/- and 20/- (Children's Tablets 3/- and 9/-), or direct.

20,000 MORE FREE TRIAL SUPPLIES NOW AVAILABLE

A postcard addressed to the Dr. Singha Co., Ltd., Dept. A/31, Caernarvon, S.B., brings you by return a free trial supply of this famous remedy. With each trial packet will be sent a booklet containing extracts from thousands of letters from former sufferers, and in addition a complete treatise, by DR. SINGHA.

MOTHER'S TRAGIC FATE

Lurking Fireside Perils

MRS. ISABELLA LAPPING, of 48A, Carlisle Road, Brampton, Carlisle, was bending in front of a cosy fire fastening the clothes of one of her children. Suddenly one of the boys, aged fourteen, who was standing near by noticed that his mother's apron was on fire. Frantically he raced to his father, who was in the yard. Mr. Lapping ran in and found his wife's clothes ablaze. Picking up the hearthrug, he wrapped it round her flaming garments.

But, despite his plucky attempt to rescue his wife, she died of shock and burns.

As the late Mrs. Lapping was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the Benefit provided by "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift for fatal home accidents—has been promptly paid.

£766 18s. MORE PAID THIS WEEK.

During the past week no less than £765 18s. has been paid to registered readers or their dependents as follows:

Household and Sickness Benefits	**£492**	**4**	**0**
Accident Benefits—Adults	**£183**	**2**	**0**
Accident Benefits — Children	**£91**	**12**	**0**
	£766	**18**	**0**

A Typical Fireside Scene.

Generous Benefits are provided for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Children's Accidents, Loss by Burglary, etc., etc.

In addition, JOHN BULL is the only paper to safeguard your household effects against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest, and to pay Benefit for *Sickness*. Remember! All Accident and Sickness Benefits are additional, *i.e.*, Accident and Sickness Benefits are paid *in addition to* any sums a registered reader may receive from any other sources.

Fill up the forms below TO-DAY for the Shield of Safety provided by JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 7/3/36

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address.....
of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 7/3/36

A Generous Free Sample of

Elasto *Regd.*

for all CIRCULATORY DISORDERS

**Turn to the Back cover and fill in the Coupon Now, while you think of it!*

A Home Repairing Outfit and Tool Chest for only a few shillings down!

Make money and save money with the G.T.L. Tool Chest advertised on p. 35. Fill in and send the Coupon for Free Brochure and full particulars.

FREE for ASTHMA and CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAH Capsules stop wheezing, choking, gasping; make breathing easy; end everlasting cough! cough! cough! Enable you to work and sleep in comfort. Safe relief, *quickly*. In capsules, easy to swallow. Prove RAZ-MAH in your own case. Buy a 3/- or 5/- packet from your chemist; or, for free trial, write Templeton Co., Dept. CR, 80, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d.

FRIDAY THRILLS FOR FOUR "BULLETEERS"

When the result of "Bullets" 1,017th Contest was decided, not one but four First Prize Joy Wires were despatched and each contained "John Bull's" congratulations to the winner of £250. To the left is Mr. Davies, an invalid whom making 'Bullets' keeps cheerful; below is Mr. Iremonger, who was nearly knocked out by the news of his success.

ONE of this Contest's thrilling Joy Wires was addressed to Mr. V. Davies, 16, Elm Grove, London, N., but it was in lodgings at 4, Western Row, Worthing, reports a JOHN BULL man, that I found the winner staying with his mother.

"Owing to a severe illness," this young bachelor told me, "I had to resign my job in a London office three years ago. We have been staying down here for a few weeks to avoid the London fogs."

This keen *Bullets* competitor was soon able to tell me how he arrived at his thoughtful £250 effort, ONE WAY OUT—OF "SHADOW," *Into* CHURCH.

"I work direct from the *Examples*," he explained, "and as soon as I saw this particular one I knew it would suit a paradox. Once I had thought of 'shadow' as meaning trouble, the rest was easy.

"*Bullets* have kept me cheerful," this invalid remarked in conclusion, "and they will keep on helping me to get well."

* * *

When another of these £250 messages was delivered to Mr. T. Iremonger, Curridge, Newbury, it nearly knocked the winner out!

"My impressions of receiving that telegram are a complete blank," he laughingly confessed to JOHN BULL. "I only remember my sister handing me a welcome drink to recover and celebrate!

"It was after hearing a man with a bad cold murder the song, 'Mighty Like a Rose,'" this £250 winner related, "that I constructed my winning *Bullet*, FATHER'S SOLO—MIGHTY LIKE A *Crow's*!"

* * *

A Kentish miner, Mr. T. S. Jones, was just crossing the pit yard to go below that Friday when he learnt that his wife had telephoned for him to return home at once.

"It was an anxious hour," he assured JOHN BULL, "till I got back to 42, Tower Hamlets Street, Dover, and knew from my wife's face that it was not bad news but the reverse.

"I only came out of the army seven years ago," he mentioned, "and have two children, so you can imagine that this £250 is a godsend.

"One of the easiest *Bullets* I have ever made," is how this 29-year-old First Prize-winner described his neat and up-to-date effort, FOR THE SAKE OF THE REST—MAKE ROADHOG'S "BED" *Harder*!

"I find '*Bullets*' *Bulletin* a great help," were his concluding words. "Above all, it seems to give one the right atmosphere."

* * *

A real veteran carried off the fourth of these £250 Firsts. He is Mr. L. Edwards, 10, Booth Street, St. Helens, and this ex-Service man's entry was the well-phrased and human *Bullet*, IN RAGS—SMARTING—"SMART MAN WANTED."

"I first entered *Bullets* in Competition No. 1," this big winner proudly told JOHN BULL, "so I am one of the old brigade.

"There were spells," Mr. Edwards admitted. "When I left *Bullets* to try for a big success elsewhere — and failed. Back to the 'old love' I came, and it has certainly proved best!"

* *

Widely different in their walks of life, these four £250 winners had one thing in common—the determination to enter a First Prize *Bullet*.

A Huge £1,250-plus-Car First heads this week's fine prize-list. It can be yours—if you enter the best *Bullet* by Saturday, March 14.

GET THIS HELP QUICKLY!

Three of the £250 First Prize-winners who speak on this page were readers of *Bullets Bulletin*, the best aid to success in our Competition.

How can you afford to be without a free weekly supply of this invaluable guide to the prize-list? Fill up the Reservation Coupon on opposite page, enclose it with your *Bullets* this week and you will be in time to receive a host of hints for *Bullets* Record £7,000 Offer, together with a special "Ideal Home" Supplement.

50 2-in-1 PRIZES AWARDED THIS WEEK!

First Prize, £750, Competition No. 1,018:
A. EWINGTON, 9, Allesley Road, Liverpool.
Example: To ME
Bullet: CAME "LIGHT"—GOING LIGHTER.

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

W. P. CONDON, 11, Rose Street, Dunfermline.
Example: Out At Elbows
Bullet: And Vimy—And Mons!

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

K. SIMMONS, 22, Chandos Crescent, Edgware.
Example: Out Of Prison
Bullet: "Whispers" *Aren't* Welcome Now.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: S. SANDERSON, 450, Gt. Cheetham Street, Hr. Broughton.
Thoughtful Neighbours—"Pass Over" Many Things.

£5: M. WILKINSON, 25, Westfield Road, Margate.
Just Like A Man—Hugging Fireside—Climbing Everest!

10 PRIZES OF £4:

W. AIREY, 111, St. George's Road, Preston, Lancs.
Human Football—Dreads One "Spectator"—Sonny.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

L. CRAKER, 14, Melbourne Way, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.
Father Fears—Foreman Watching *Time's* Work.

F. G. FARNDON, "Gable Cottage," Riddlesdown Avenue, Purley.
Sweets Of Life—Weight Short? Wait Longer!
(Entered on 'Target' Prize coupon.)

H. G. HEWITT, 17, Spring Terrace, Irthlingborough, Northants.
Out Of Prison—Into "Enlightened" World—Shadowed!

W. A. JOSS, 39, Belmont Road, Gatley, Cheshire.
Sweets Of Life—He Promised—Buys Peppermints!

W. H. MELTON, Springfield House, Lower Dolecliffe Road, Mexborough.
Out Of Elbows—Beneath "Gaudy Cloak," Civilisation.

R. PATTERSON, 25, Birdwood Road, Liverpool.
If They Knew—"Little Stranger," Greater Pals.

F. PEARCE, 11a, Upper Ettingshall Road, Cosley, near Bilston.
Father Fears—Idleness, Hoping Fears Idle.

A. L. PERRY, 8, Priestwood Mansions, Archway Road, London, N.
Human Football—"Mud" *Keeps Moving*, Ex-prisoner.

J. WILLIAMS, "Redferns," Bushey Mill Lane, Watford.
Wild Talk—"Say That Again!" *Silences*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £3:

F. J. BAYLIS, "Grasmere," Broome Manor Lane, Swindon, Wilts
To Be Continued—If Dad's "Story Accepted."

G. BURROWS, 4, Bradley Road, Grimsby.
At Sonny's Party—Tiddleywinks—With Waistcoat Buttons!

W. CHADWICK, 54, Old Road, Manchester.
To Me—Sport Calls—Hate "Tally-ho!"

V. E. GOWTON, 19, Marne Street, Philadelphia, Co. Durham.
Out Of Prison—Walks Hopefully—Hope "Walks."

S. J. MARTIN, 63, Askew Road, London, W.
Out Of Prison—"Societies" Assist—Society Should.

Mrs. C. MAYPEE, 45, Rothesay Road, Luton.
At Sonny's Party—"Mountains" Slipping Into "Caves."

W. H. MOORE, 47, Addison Road, Hove.
At The Firemen's Ball—Stamping Out Flames, Apparently!

F. PARR, 33, Canadian Avenue, Salisbury.
Turned Over—Memory—Reveals "Stones Unturned."

W. R. PURDY, High Street, Billericay, Essex.
Grandma's Pet—Aversion, War—Especially Crimean!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

V. C. WILLIAMSON, La Vigie, Holway Road, Sheringham, Norfolk.
Memories Of Youth—"Hoardings" *Preserving* Life's "Beauty-spots."

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull." Each winner of £1 and over will also receive a Superlax armchair.

MIGHTY ONE-WEEK FORTUNE · plus · CAR FIRST PRIZE !

£1,250

CASH and THIS MAGNIFICENT

SALOON CAR

THIS CAR was actual model selected as part of his "Bullets" No. 1,005 First Prize by Mr A. Pickles, Laneshawbridge, Colne.

HUGE INCREASE IN OTHER PRIZES ALSO

£100	£50	
£25	£20	£10
£9.10	£9	£8.10
£8	£7.10	£7
£6.10	£6	£5.10
£5	£4.10	£4
£3.10	£3	£2.10

250 OF 10/- DOUBLED EASTER CHEQUES THIS WEEK 500 OF 5/-

HUGE FORTUNE, CAR AND AVALANCHE OF 'BULLETS' CASH!

TWO, three or four words of everyday English, neatly welded into a *Bullet*—that is all JOHN BULL asks from you. And if one of your efforts is the best received, this year's record one-week First Prize will bring its countless blessings to make your future secure and give endless pleasure to you and yours.

A Giant Fortune of £1,250 and a splendid £208 Austin Motor-car will reward the First Prize-winner in this outstanding offer—and if there is no reason why one of the coupons below should not carry you to the top of this list of prizes value over £2,000.

In addition to offering this enormous 2-in-1 First, JOHN BULL makes this a special "Benefit Week" for smaller prize-winners: included in this fine one-week prize-list you will find the vastly increased number of 250 awards of 10s. each, whilst the smaller Postal Orders have been doubled to 5s. each on this occasion.

HOW TO MAKE 'BULLETS'

TO make a *Bullet*, read slowly through the list of *Examples* and consider what pointed remarks you can find to fit closely to any of them.

Do not expect the first words you jot down to form a *Bullet* all ready for the coupon. The finished article will develop as you compress your rough notes into the limits of the TWO, THREE or FOUR words allowed.

If, for instance, you had chosen the *Example*, NEW LEAF, your first rough comment might well be, *Nature Producing Soon—Mankind Should Copy*. This you could readily compress and improve to the finished *Bullet*, NEW LEAF—THAT'S MOTHER NATURE'S HINT.

For further assistance to you in constructing prize *Bullets*, study the style and phrasing of the latest winning efforts on the opposite page.

Now begin on your own efforts, remembering that your entry must reach Long Acre by Saturday, March 14, if you want to share in this week's huge distribution of 10,721 prizes.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 1,021

BRITANNIA'S FAMILY
VOICE OF SPRING
IN ITALY
WHEN EVENING COMES
THE OLD
POETIC JUSTICE
STRAIGHT
IN SYMPATHY
ANOTHER LOAN
DANGER SIGNAL
FAMOUS AUTHOR
HENPECK SCOWLED AND
"DEAR ME!"
MAN AFTER HER HEART
NO PLACE
TO HIS CREDIT
CHAINS
TALL ORDER
PRETTY COOL
BEFORE THE JURY
THEY QUARRELLED, BUT
WISHES
LOSING MARKS
LENT
GRANDPA'S GRIEVANCE
NO SUCCESS
WITHOUT FOOD
INSPIRING STORY
GIRL I'M SORRY FOR
LOST HIS JOB
GRIEF AND JOY
NEW LEAF
HOMEWORK
RUN DOWN
BEST CUSTOMER
UNTIL THE END

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,021) Closing SAT., Mar. 14.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,021) Closing SAT., Mar. 14.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,021) Closing SAT., Mar. 14.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,021) Closing SAT., Mar. 14.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheques for £250 awarded to the Four First Prize-winners in Competition No. 1,018 will be displayed in the windows of Mrs. Sales, 104, High Street, Dover, Kent; A. Welsh, 143, Crouch Hill, N.; A. Cottler, Nutgrove P.O., Nutgrove Road, St. Helens; H. G. Parker, "Newsagent," Burridge, Newbury.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,021 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,021, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" AND CROSSWORDS USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
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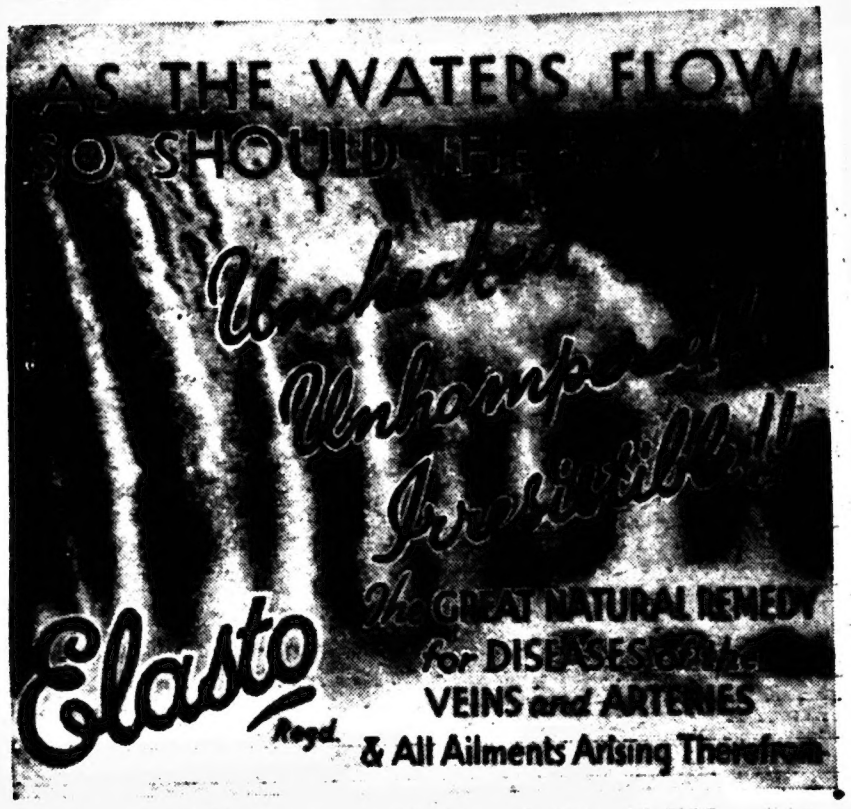
£1,500 IDEAL HOME, £1,000 CASH and £5 WEEKLY FOR LIFE ENORMOUS 3-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE COMING FOR RECORD £7,000 OFFER No. 1,023

Don't Suffer From
CIRCULATORY TROUBLES



Twelve Thousand Miles of Blood Vessels!

YOUR body contains, according to latest scientific computation, twelve thousand miles of blood vessels. Think of that—12,000 miles! *Sufficient to stretch half-way round the world.* This wonderful pipe-line of the blood consists of arteries, capillaries and veins communicating with that marvellous pumping station the heart. By means of this vital pipe-line, the blood is carried to every one of the millions upon millions of the cells of the body, to nourish; to cleanse; and to renew. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood-stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building, and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health MUST result. This is precisely what Elasto, the Great Blood Revitaliser, is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science. *No drugs! no adhesive bandages; Elasto cures through the blood!*

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

ELASTO, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood.

Such troubles as varicose veins, varicose ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, phlebitis, thrombosis, heart troubles, poor blood, bad circulation, piles, prolapsus, varicocele, rheumatism, hardened arteries, and relaxed conditions in any part of the body are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalising principle in the blood. These ailments will not respond to ordinary treatment: to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, whether local or general, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto does this surely and effectively, with results that often appear miraculous.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

"The Story of Elasto" is the title of an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free—see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation—*the real basis of sound health.*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming relaxed conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets; *it dissolves instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! *Elasto does not enter the stomach; it cures through the blood.* That explains why Elasto succeeds. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to NO purpose.

Read What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"I had suffered for years from a weak heart but Elasto cured me."
"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Aged 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again." Etc., Etc.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Beware of Imitations!

For all "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this New Biological Remedy

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the Great New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto ★
The Great Blood Revitaliser
THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co. Ltd.
(Dept. 15.B), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(*Please Print in Capital Letters*)

ADDRESS.....

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"John Bull" 7/3/36

Elasto saves its small cost over and over again - it pays!

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